New Statesman

The Week-end Review

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
AUG -4 1960
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

VOL. LX · No. 1531 SATURDAY · 16 JULY 1960 NINEPENCE

AFRICA 1960
The Political Changes

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DEFENCE
Labour's New Policy

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Bases in Britain?

WHETHER the Americans or Russians are telling the precise truth – or very likely both lying – about the flight of the RB-47 makes little difference to the vital issue that now confronts Britain and the world. According to the Americans, the flight was a reconnaissance operation as much justified as the exploits of Soviet submarines that take photographs outside the three-mile limit off the coast of Florida. The Russians have it that the flight was over Russian waters and a breach of international law legally comparable with the U-2 flight. In any case Krushchev's object is to frighten America's allies into refusing to harbour US bases, and the underlying issue is whether peace is more or less likely to be maintained by the preservation of Nato and the US bases.

The main arguments for Britain still to permit US bases on our shores are three. The first is that the balance between the US and the USSR will be disrupted if Britain leaves Nato. The USSR has the power to deliver nuclear warheads on both US and western European soil and is well ahead in the race for intercontinental missiles; this threat is balanced today by American possession of many nuclear bases from which to retaliate. If Britain decides to leave Nato, the American counter-deterrent will be disrupted. The deterrent has not checked the advance of Communism in Asia, where Mr Dulles obstinately held that US nuclear power could stifle the national aspirations of people who wished to be rid of imperialism. In Europe, however, it is probably true that war would have been more likely without Nato. It is also true that when the US and the USSR both have ICBMs, bases overseas will have become unnecessary. No one can imagine that the present balance of terror can be permanently maintained. To put peace on a less precarious footing was the object of the Summit; and the most convincing case for maintaining Nato now is that it will still be an important factor, if the same forces that led to the Summit should bring Krushchev and a new American President once more to the point of negotiating an end to the Cold War.

The second argument for the US bases in Britain is that they would otherwise be moved to West Germany – the one area where the Russians might really be willing to accept the horror of nuclear war. The validity of this argument is now in doubt, since the Germans are likely in any case before long to be in control of their own nuclear weapons.

The third argument is that as long as Britain is a military ally of the US, we may influence American policy. It can be argued that Britain played a vital part in preventing reckless men in the Pentagon from turning the Korean and Vietnamese wars into world wars. How far can this influence now be effectively used?

The case of Cuba is fundamentally more serious than that of reconnaissance flights and it is equally relevant to the question of bases. In Cuba, as in many other cases, including that of Egypt under Nasser, nationalist leaders resolved to be masters in their own house and to control their own economic resources. The folly of the British over Suez seems to have been taken by the Americans as an example, rather than as a warning. Instead of at once offering to co-operate with the new nationalism, Washington has uttered threats which have inevitably led the Cubans to look for Soviet aid. If the result is a clash between the US and the USSR, America's allies, including Britain, would inevitably be involved in an unjust cause and would be likely to be destroyed, simply because they retain US bases. Can we hope that Mr Macmillan will bring home to the Americans that the condition of the alliance is that America's allies concur in a foreign policy which, after all, involves them in the risk of annihilation?

On this, as on US flights from British bases, the question is whether Britain can decide for herself what risks to run. On 30 May, the government assured the Commons that 'US service aircraft entering or leaving the United Kingdom file

a flight plan in advance'. Mr Macmillan's replies suggest that, in practice, the British know little about American flights and certainly do not in any real sense share the control of them.

It is arguable that, with American opinion divided and disturbed by the U-2 incident and the ominious example of the Japanese revolt, Britain now has the chance to exercise a tighter control. This country entered Nato in the belief that it was a defensive alliance; if its policy, controlled from Washington, is to be provocative and warlike, Britain should not remain a member. In that case many people in all parties – not only Labour's left wing – will agree that the danger of maintaining the bases in England is greater than the advantages.

Comments on the Week's News

Labour

Not with a Bang

A Political Correspondent writes: The Labour Party Executive fumbled its way on Wednesday to a conclusion of the Clause Four comedy, which, though perhaps the best that could be achieved, was unsatisfactory and even ignominious. The attempt to amend Clause Four having publicly failed to command the support of the party, the problem was to save Mr Gaitskell's face. Mr Gaitskell himself favoured a decision to postpone consideration of Clause Four, along with other proposals for constitutional reform, till 1962; but it was clear long before last Wednesday that this Micawber-like tactic would be unacceptable to a decisive number of Executive members. Hence the device, thought up (no doubt in desperation) by Morgan Phillips, of abandoning all attempts to amend or add to Clause Four, while 'commending' to the Labour conference as 'a valuable expression of the aims of the Labour Party in the second half of the 20th century' the document of 16 March – which was itself all that was left of Mr Gaitskell's original unsuccessful attempt to change Clause Four. Faces, no doubt, have been saved for the moment – but they will be red next October when the rank and file pass judgment on all this. It is more than possible that the conference will refuse to endorse the 'valuable expression' of aim; and even if it does, the ambiguities which remain will furnish invaluable electoral ammunition for the Tories. Does the Labour Party believe in 100 per cent nationalisation? Have its basic purposes changed? Are the rank and file working to the same objectives as the leadership? These questions had no substance till Mr Gaitskell and his friends chose to raise them.

Congo

Behind the Katanga Revolt

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: As we go to press, Russia's summons to the Security Council to consider the situation in the Congo brings to a climax a week of mounting confusion. On Wednesday Belgian troops, in defiance of an official Congolese demand that they should return to their bases, seized Léopoldville. They are also in control of large areas of Katanga. At the same time, the Congolese central government is accusing Belgium of having deliberately provoked the Katanga rising.

Whether or not the Belgian government has been directly involved, it is very probable that, as an insurance policy against the possibility of national chaos, Belgian industrial interests may have been working in recent months to retain orderly conditions in the wealthy province of Katanga, even if that involved the break-up of the Congo. Indeed, in the narrowest sense it would be a great advantage to them to see Katanga secede from the rest of the Congo and establish intimate relations with Brussels. Despite the frigid response of the outside world to Katanga's bid for secession, there is still a possibility that this will happen. Yet there are stronger signs that the chaos following the Belgian hand-over of the government has spread so deeply into Katanga itself as to make it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the Belgians to restart their industrial operations on the old basis. The copper mines of the main company, the *Union Minière du Haut-Katanga,* have stopped working; the furnaces have been damped down, the pumps turned off; most of the European staff are now engaged in evacuating their families. On the other hand, it may be a straw in the wind that the shares of this company, which have fallen catastrophically over the past year, recovered briskly this week when the possibility of a Katanga break-away was first mooted. It seems clear that investors are still counting – and with reason as this week's events prove – on the Belgian paratroops to establish 'special' commercial relations with an independent Katanga.

Much of this hope, however, was probably based on the expectation that Britain would agree to allow Rhodesian troops to move into Katanga. There have been moves for some months to establish a link between the province and its neighbouring Northern Rhodesia. What Belgian investors perhaps did not realise is that, while the defence force of Rhodesia is under the control of Sir Roy Welensky's federal government, that government does not yet control its foreign affairs. Thus, while it can order its troops about inside the Federation, it would be an invasion of British authority to use them externally. Sir Roy Welensky does not care to admit this either, and he is using the situation for his own political purposes in declaring that his troops will be used in whatever way best serves the interests of the Federation. If he pursues this attitude and actually orders them across the border into Katanga, there can be no doubt that he will be openly defying British authority. The British government has so far, quite rightly, refused any appeal from M. Tshombe for military or police assistance. If it were to accede to such a request it would make a serious breach in international law, for it is the central Congo government in Léopoldville which has been recognised and which is being defied.

No matter what may be in the interests of Belgian or Rhodesian commerce, it is the clear duty of all outside states to give what assistance they can to M. Lumumba in his attempt to establish the authority of his central government. The Congo Republic would be bankrupt and helpless if the wealthy Katanga province were allowed to separate itself from the rest of the state. It may be that there is a genuine grievance in Katanga in that they have been expected to pay much too heavy a portion of the Congo national budget; but that complaint cannot affect the central issue of the legitimacy of M. Lumumba's government. The most hopeful move so far has been the appeal of the Congo Prime Minister for United Nations' aid in establishing authority and bringing lawlessness to an end. The United Nations will perform a valuable international service if it immediately makes it clear that what resources it has, moral and material, are available to M. Lumumba, who, after all is the elected leader of the new Congo state.

With this 'postcard' from Vicky, who is in Los Angeles for the party conventions, we salute Senator Kennedy on successfully reaching the half-way stage in his brilliantly executed campaign for the Presidency. Next week we hope to carry full reports from Robert Bendiner and Anthony Howard.

Johannesburg

Feudal tradition survives

A Special Correspondent writes: 'Do you believe in witchcraft? If so, when last did you consult a witch-doctor?' This was one of the questions put to all political prisoners, white and black alike, before they were released. It suggests an official attempt to discover the source of revolt in black magic, acting even on white minds. Of the hundred white men and women interned when the Emergency was declared three months ago, those arrested in 1956 for the first treason trial evidently constitute the hard core still locked up. The liberals and those who had retired from politics when, if not before, the Nationalists gained power in 1948, have emerged on condition that they abandon public activities, remain in one town, stay at home every night, report regularly to the police and never talk to the press.

Inside the prisons, whites were treated very differently from blacks; and news about their

treatment filtered into circulation, though not into print because an Act passed last year forbids the press to report anything that goes on inside the prisons. The treatment of Africans and Indians is still shrouded in secrecy. Thousands of Africans remain interned under the new system which combines the old pass laws with the new emergency laws.

Not a single internee has yet been charged in open court with any part in the great conspiracy which the Nationalists imagine lay behind the crisis that began with the shooting at Sharpeville. Convictions, followed by savage sentences, have occurred from 'incitement' cases, in which the evidence shows one man saying to a gathering, or even a handful of others: 'Don't carry passes'. (Under a law made in 1953 to terminate the passive resistance campaign, it is a serious crime to urge anyone to break a trivial law if he does so *as a protest* against the law.) Protest is to-day expressed in illegal anonymous sheets like *The Spark* and *The Agitator*.

The economic situation, beginning to show the effects of the prolonged crisis, will inevitably deteriorate. Business men, speaking for a very large accumulation of domestic capital, and including some of the new Afrikaner company directors and even the conservative, 'non-political' mine-owners, have addressed frank words to the Cabinet. Their pressure is, however, weakened by reason of the fact that they have so little to propose by way of constructive policy. Their joint statement, occupying five wordy columns of print in the newspapers, boiled down to two suggestions: that the pass laws be enforced in a milder manner and that selected Africans be permitted to buy liquor. The latter idea originated with the Cape wine farmers, who are embarrassed by overproduction.

There is unlikely to be any substantial change in South Africa's notorious policies while industry and commerce, although providing the larger part of the national income, are politically no match for the wealthy farmers and the wealthier mine-owners. These share a traditional feudal interest in a plentiful supply of cheap unorganised labour held down by a network of laws so intricate that no one understands their detailed operation.

The only change foreshadowed in the Nationalist press is the extension of the franchise to Coloured (ie not African, but impure white) men in the northern provinces on the same basis as it exists in attentuated form in the Cape. As 1,500,000 Cape Coloureds have four white representatives in the House of Assembly, this implies that the 123,000 outside the Cape could gain one white MP. The Cabinet is known to be debating this concession as a reward to the Coloured people for standing by the whites during the emergency.

India

Consumers and Planners

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: The appeal to 2,000,000 State employees to strike in support of pay claims has not, as we go to press, met with a great deal of support. If it had succeeded on the first day, the railways, postal services and armaments industries would have been paralysed. At the end of the second day, only a small proportion of workers had come out, and public services were running almost normally. In Bombay, however, and in West Bengal, where refugees and unemployment can most easily lead to violence, train-wrecking has already started. The central government has already made nearly 3,500 arrests throughout the country; and on the eve of the strike, it arrested the two leaders, S. M. Joshi and Nath Pai, both of them of the Praja Socialist Party.

Throughout the discussions which failed to prevent the strike, the Labour Minister, Gulzarilal Nanda stood firm on the award made by the pay commission last year when it increased the monthly pay from 70 to 80 rupees. The Joint Council of Action of the central government employees demanded a minimum wage of 125 rupees, that the 'dearness allowance' should be linked with the cost of living index, and that there should be no curtailment of existing rights and benefits.

There is no doubt that the present pay of government employees is miserably low and that the movement for increased pay will continue, even though, as the government says, it could seriously affect the Third Five-Year Plan. Last week, alongside the threat to strike, the draft of this plan was published. The Planning Commission claims, with an optimism which is greeted sceptically by many economists, that during the first ten years of planning, the national income (at constant prices) will have increased by 1961 by about 42 per cent and *per capita* income by about 20 per cent.

Broadly, the draft aims at self-sufficiency in foodgrains and increase in agricultural production to meet the requirements of export and industry; at expanding basic industries such as steel and fuel, and establishing machine-building capacity; at utilising manpower resources to the fullest; and at moving towards an even distribution of economic power and more equality in wealth. In short, the new plan suggests that savings and investment in the economy should rise high enough to start a cycle of investment and income growth. This means increased production of capital goods. The planners seem locked in some kind of dilemma; there cannot be a sufficiently high rise in incomes without heavy industrialisation, and industrialisation can hardly be achieved without an adequate improvement in agricultural production. Both these factors are in turn limited by the difficulty of creating sufficient jobs to stem the continuously rising unemployment – and population. The population in 1966 is now expected to be 480 million, and not 434 million as estimated in the second plan. There has been a tendency to criticise not the draft plan itself so much as the bases on which it could be implemented. This flows from general discontent and impatience at the rate of growth in the first two plans.

Trade Unions

The Striking Sailor

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: This week's two important unofficial strikes have had one feature in common: their unexpectedness caused the maximum disruption. The 300 operating staff at London Transport's generating stations paralysed services on Monday morning; while the seamen, striking in Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast and other ports, by waiting until passengers were aboard, saddled the shipping lines with the duty of transporting customers by other means. There the similarity between them ends. The London strike was an unnecessary show of strength. But the seamen's position is both more serious in itself and as a reflection of general disquiet within service industries – if so romantic a life as going to sea can be so termed. The seamen, like most groups in service industries, have not had a rise in wages since November 1958; but unlike most of the others, they have not enjoyed any striking advance in fringe benefits. All service industries suffer from an absence of bonuses or other pay increases which are related to productivity rather than to a raising of a nationally agreed wage. The NUS, too, is inevitably more centralised than is good for any trade union. Members are usually far from the shore; being at sea for long periods, with plenty of chance to talk about their grievances, also creates the climate for unofficial action. The fact that conditions and wages at sea are better than they have ever been does not alter or hide the other fact – that conditions on shore are even better. These sources of discontent seem a far more likely explanation for the strike than the other which has been advanced: that there has been collusion in Liverpool between the men who recently organised the unofficial dock strike and the leaders of the present walk-out, although, of course, each is an expression of the service industries' problems. The strike takes place at a time when the employers are considering an application for lower hours and higher wages. The union are receiving the employers' reply on 27 July. By that time the strikers will almost certainly have returned to work, and a million pounds or so will have been lost. There will be no discernible gain, unless the strike draws attention to the growing discontent in this kind of industry.

Westminster

Macmillan Quizzed

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* Mr Krushchev's release of the RB-47 story preceded by 24 hours the appearance of eight questions to the Prime Minister on the use of American bases in Britain. If Krushchev had been anxious to embarrass Mr Macmillan and for that purpose had carefully watched the Order Paper, his timing could not have been better. Ever since the U-2 incident, there has been creeping anxiety about these bases, in both the Labour and Liberal Parties and through the country, an anxiety which Macmillan's evasions had steadily increased. Now he was on his Tuesday spot, facing questions which he could still evade but which he could not ignore, before a House charged with Krushchev's accusation that the Americans are using our bases contrary to international law. The House was packed for the explosion.

It did not come. Macmillan, since the collapse of the Summit, has only two techniques for dealing with the House. One is to invite sympathy for himself in the 'cares of his great office' and to talk, a little wearily, but with sadly melting smiles, about 'the great aims which all of us in this House have in common'. This technique is intended to be disarming; but in a sophisticated House it is apt to evoke derision. His second technique is to be downright spitting rude, which evokes downright spitting rudeness in reply. He tried both these techniques on Tuesday, but did not this time evoke the usual response. The House was too disturbed to play the usual game and, contenting itself with telling the Prime Minister to 'come off it', it proceeded to probe. Do we or do we not know, asked Mr Jo Grimond, what flights the Americans make from British bases? Have we or have we not, asked Mr Hugh Gaitskell, control over what flights are made? These two questions were the burden of the probe. They were not answered; but still there was no explosion.

There were three reasons for this. One was that Macmillan had announced immediately that he would at once approach President Eisenhower, presumably to demand stricter political control over activities on and from these bases. This is what the opposition has been demanding for months. A second reason was that he at once announced that, when he had had time to consider the available information about the RB-47 incident, he would make another and fuller statement to the House, covering both that incident and the whole question of control over the bases. The House will nearly always agree to give a minister a little more time once it sees that he sees that he can evade no more. The third reason was a sense of confusion which spread insidiously and very gradually, over both sides of the House.

When, immediately after Macmillan's first statement, Gaitskell had appeared to agree that further questioning should be postponed for a day or two, there were loud protests behind him. 'That,' said one Labour member usually associated with the right wing, 'is just not good enough'. Irritated by the flannelling, exasperated by the side stepping, some members were in the mood to pin the Prime Minister against the wall. But, by and by, doubts began to seep through. Had the American plane really violated Russian airspace? Was it not at least likely that this flight was something altogether different from the flight of the U-2? Was it not at any rate conceivable that Krushchev was being too clever by half? These questions had only to be asked for the House to accept the Prime Minister's need for time to find out the facts to the best of his ability; and so, in the end, we passed without disturbance, to consider a privilege motion moved by Mr Charles Pannell.

But there *will* be explosions if the Prime Minister, when he comes before the House again, takes refuge in vagueness. It may well be that, on the RB-47 incident, it is the Russians and not the Americans who have broken international law; and if that seems to be so, the government will get tough backing from all sides in the protests it will surely make. Yet, so great has been the uneasiness which this incident, following so soon after the U-2, has created that no amount of flannelling will preserve the Prime Minister if he fails to lay down rules about the uses to which bases in Britain are to be put and, further, to insist that such rules, laid down by the politicians, are obeyed by the military.

Fleet Street

A Chance for the Herald?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* What is to happen to the *Daily Herald*? Now that the first shock of the *Daily Telegraph* story that it is 'in serious danger of having to cease publication within the next few months' is over and Odham's Press, hand on heart, have declared that it is quite untrue that it may 'shortly' close down, it is worth while taking a long, cool look at this unfortunate voice of Labour.

After racing the *Daily Express* for top world circulation throughout the Thirties, the *Herald* reached, in the first two years of the Labour government, a peak figure of well over 2,125,000, which, although by that time far below both the *Express* and the *Mirror*, was not too bad. It is now down to around 1,430,000 and may soon be below even that. It has been losing money for years, is probably now losing at a rate not much short of £4,500 a week, although the allocation of printing and other charges inside the Odhams group makes an estimate difficult from the outside. It may soon be making even bigger losses if declining circulation reduces its appeal to advertisers. Odhams, who originally thought they were on to a good thing in publishing the official Labour paper in partnership with the TUC – and indeed at first seemed to be so – have for some years persuaded themselves that the paper's failure is not due to any fault of theirs but to its official Labour label. Much is said about editorial freedom, but the root of Odhams' increasing distaste for the official role which was originally their pride and joy is probably that it has now become a serious circulation liability, particularly among the new industrial middle class who are enjoying the delights of an affluent society. Hence Odham's conviction that, so long as the paper is 'official', there is no future in it. Hence, too, their latest approach to the TUC, in which – whether they mean it or not – they undoubtedly conveyed the impression that if they could not get freedom then they might come to the conclusion that it was better to give 12 months' notice to end the lease and leave the TUC to it.

In this situation the issue of editorial freedom although germane enough in any long-term consideration of the paper's position and influence is something of a red herring. It is perfectly true that a tied party paper is an anomaly these days – any day since the 18th century, in fact. It is also perfectly true that there are a number of trade union leaders and far too many prominent Labour politicians who believe that a Labour paper has no right to publish anything they personally don't like. A recent regrettable example of this was provided by Hugh Gaitskell himself when he actually refused at the last minute to attend a *Herald* lunch in honour of its distinguished Diplomatic Correspondent W. N. Ewer, at which he was to be a principal speaker, because the paper had published a rather mild cartoon which he considered made fun of him. This makes one wonder if he has ever bothered to look back on what Baldwin, for instance, had to put up with from Conservative papers. One can understand publishers who when faced with this sort of pettiness – and there are some trade union leaders capable of the same or worse – feel that the sooner they break the marriage bonds that bind them to the Labour Party the better.

But the real trouble with the *Herald* is not only that it is a tied paper but that it is far

too often by any standards a bad paper. This may be partly the fault of TUC interference – which is in fact very much less than many people seem to imagine. It is even more the fault of Odham's who may understand magazines (the *People* which has just announced the gain of another 250,000 readers over the past 12 months is a Sunday magazine not a newspaper), but have in the past shown little evidence that they understand newspapers. If the TUC could be convinced that, freed of its official bonds, the *Herald* would be developed as an *adult* paper, then some of them might be persuaded to agree.

I believe there is, in fact, a chance that the risk might now be worth taking. Sir Christopher Chancellor, Odham's new chairman, has not had much experience of publishing newspapers, but as former head of Reuters he knows as well as any man in the world the importance of news. He is a man of intelligence and there is at least a possibility that under him Odhams might be willing to try to make the *Herald* a paper intelligent people would want to read. For any such transformation, money as well as intelligence is needed. Odhams have already sunk more than £3m in the *Herald* over the years: one can understand their not being keen to sink more so long as they have only 12 months' security of tenure, which is what the break clause in their present agreement with the TUC in effect means. What is needed to save the *Herald* is first for Odhams to provide concrete evidence that they want to make an adult newspaper of it; and then for the TUC to agree to allow them a free run for at least five years.

Labour's Defence Policy

LABOUR'S new defence policy has been overwhelmingly endorsed both by the Parliamentary Labour Party and the TUC. But it is still an open question whether it will be accepted by the party conference. So far the unilateralist vote in the party is, on paper at any rate, in a minority. The real issue may depend on whether the new policy can inspire enough confidence in its own integrity for the growing desire for unity to carry the day.

At first glance, there is, indeed, much to commend this document. Out-and-out nuclear disarmers like Bertrand Russell have denounced it on the grounds that 'it concedes nothing to the unilateralists'; but others, including *Tribune*, have held that it is a substantial advance towards unilateralism. It is certainly in a very different category from the Non-nuclear Club policy which was hastily pushed through last year – not because the leaders had been converted to its merits, but for the express purpose of scotching the 'ban-the-bomb' swing in the union conferences. This time the policy has sprung, not from any particular union vote, but from changes in the defence situation following the abandonment by the government of Blue Streak. There is no doubt that many of those who sponsor it genuinely intend that it shall mark a clean break with the party's past support for the government's nuclear policy.

Mr George Brown, for instance, has honestly tried to face the new developments. For years he has argued that Britain should retain her own nuclear deterrent, but when the collapse of Blue Streak proved that Britain could no longer afford to stay in the nuclear arms race as an independent force, he courageously told the House of Commons that he had changed his attitude. And since then he has worked hard to unite the party on a basis which reconciled the aims of its defence and foreign policies.

This is, at first sight, what the party's new statement seeks to do. It starts with an admirable attempt to set defence where it belongs – that is, firmly within the context of foreign policy. Failure to do this has created many of the party's past difficulties. This time the document opens by crisply re-affirming the party's international aims: the need to end the Cold War, the urgency of disarmament, the belief that only a disengagement policy can solve the European problem. It also comes out categorically with the demand that Britain should not conduct any further nuclear tests (a clear piece of unilateralism which it was not prepared to concede last year). It then tries to bridge the gap between foreign policy and defence by a statement of fact on which everyone could unite: 'It is now clear that, in a few years' time, Britain will no longer possess a truly independent nuclear deterrent.'

Statements of fact, however, do not make policy – only the conclusions drawn from them do that. Here we come to a main weakness of the document. It accepts as the premise on which its authors work that the West must have a nuclear deterrent until nuclear weapons are banned by an international agreement; but it does not unequivocally spell out Britain's new non-nuclear role in the alliance. It *seems* to say that, because Britain cannot be a genuine independent nuclear power, she had better give up the attempt to be a semi-independent one, since the disadvantages of such an equivocal defence policy outweigh apparent advantages.

The document convincingly lists some of these disadvantages. First there is the military disadvantage of our vulnerability. As George Brown argued in the Blue Streak debate, fixed-site missiles like Blue Streak in a small island like ours are so vulnerable to Russian attack that they make sense only in terms of a first-strike strategy. This is the policy of responding to conventional attack with nuclear weapons which Mr Duncan Sandys enunciated two years ago and which Mr Watkinson, his successor, has reiterated only recently. The new document makes a big point of this: 'We reject absolutely the idea that the West can be defended by threatening to be the first to use the H-bomb'. But it also implies that such a policy would be morally wrong when it adds: 'The West must never be the first to use this weapon' – thus ruling out the idea of preventive war. Finally, it stresses the political argument of the paramount need to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. For this reason the document rejects the idea that Britain should join with her neighbours in producing a European nuclear deterrent and also opposes the suggestion that the possession of nuclear weapons should be spread 'by purchase from either of the two great nuclear powers.' All this, one would have thought, adds up to the belief that Britain should now, as a deliberate choice, decide to become a non-nuclear power.

Yet here, at the crucial point of the document, we run into a most curious phrase: 'We believe that in future our British contribution to the western armoury will be in conventional terms, leaving to the Americans the provision of the western strategic deterrent.' '*Will be*' not '*should be*'. The horse, having reached Becher's brook, has shirked the jump. What lies behind this odd substitution of a statement of 'fact' (surely of doubtful validity) for what ought to be a clarion call of policy? It is already clear that the government is going to be at pains to disprove what Labour so confidently asserts. What will Labour's attitude be if Mr Watkinson announces he has managed to buy from the United States an effective, reasonably priced and mobile means of delivery, on purely commercial terms without any political strings being attached at all? Skybolt, for instance? Mr Brown's only answer to this so far has been that Skybolt does not exist: again a statement of 'fact' rather than one of policy. Or what if the effective life of our V-bombers can be extended by new developments as some defence experts believe they can? Nowhere does the document say that we 'should' abandon these nuclear carriers – it is presumed that they will abandon themselves through obsolescence. Until they do, the document implies, Britain should continue to get what independent nuclear cover she can from them.

The more one studies the document, the clearer it becomes that the leadership is reluctant to make Britain cleanly non-nuclear. The new policy hedges, for instance, over the production of tactical nuclear weapons. These, it says, should 'continue' to be manufactured exclusively by the US. But Britain is at present making a tactical nuclear weapon of her own in the form of atom bombs carried by Canberras, whose role is to operate in support of our ground forces. Does the wording of this section mean that she should continue to make them? Nor is it anywhere said in the document that Britain should give up the H-bombs she has already made – handing them over, as was once suggested, to an international authority. Yet France, for instance, has already made it clear that she will not give up her efforts to become an independent nuclear power until her allies have given up both making the bomb and holding stockpiles, too.

Even more disquieting is the curious way the document handles the question of the nuclear bases. This problem is covered by two sentences: 'The arguments which the government has used to show the vulnerability of Blue Streak apply with even greater force to the Thor missiles. We therefore continue to be opposed to the establishment of these missile bases in Britain.' Here, again, we have policy based on a statement of fact rather than of principle – leaving the leadership with a great deal of room for manœuvre if it can argue that the facts have changed. The omission of any reference at all to American bases seems even more disingenuous. Mr George Brown explained this omission at a press conference on the grounds that the party was not in favour of these bases 'on principle'. It judged them purely on their merits in the light of the current needs of Nato. By dealing with these bases in a kind of verbal addendum, instead of in the document, the party has avoided the need to examine whether they, too, have not become too vulnerable to be worth the risks they bring. Yet clearly the Americans believe they are vulnerable: that is why Congress has just voted an additional $170 million to put the Strategic Air Command on a 'limited airborne alert status', in other words to keep her bombers all over the world in the air as much as possible. If Britain is going to lease

bases to America, she must accept this policy. Yet earlier in the document Labour denounces such H-bomb patrols as 'provocative'. And these bases are now apparently being used for these reconnaissance flights.

This hedging about bases has been justified on the grounds that it will make for 'unity'. But on other matters about which he feels strongly, Mr Gaitskell has not bothered to be so tender towards unilateralist susceptibilities. He rubs in the fact that Labour remains committed to Nato. He clearly believes that the retention of the bases is part of that commitment. Why, then, does he not say so? The answer must surely be that he hoped the omission of this offending reference would enable Mr Carron of the AEU to swing his Labour Party conference delegation behind the document, despite a clear vote against such bases at his union conference. But, when all the shouting has died down, the bases will remain.

The real case against Labour's document, therefore, is that it loses its way. Starting with a brave break with the old pro-nuclear line, it fails to carry through its argument. Unilateralists who want nothing to do with nuclear weapons – America's as much as our own – and who believe that Nato is a menace rather than a help, cannot in any case have anything to do with it. But the document sets out to win the support of those in the party – perhaps the majority – who are prepared to accept something much less than 100 per cent unilateralist policy. In theory this document offers them a non-nuclear Britain playing a new role in a Nato following a reformed strategy. But its evasion of these key points is bound to raise doubts whether the offer is genuine.

London Diary

FRANK PAKENHAM'S welcome to the Spanish Foreign Secretary – as quoted in *Reynolds* – was characteristically ingenuous, I think. But it shows how careful you must be not to judge anyone's political character by an isolated utterance. If I did not know that he is incapable of such, or indeed of any, wickedness, and had I been in a paranoid conspiratorial mood, I might have suspected him of an elaborate subterfuge; especially that touching solicitude for the Spanish protestants. What about some improvement in the position of the long suffering proletariat? Who listens sympathetically to that prospect? The trouble about very benevolent people in politics is that after a time they become incapable of believing ill of anyone, particularly of co-religionists. This syndrome is most noticeable among Roman Catholic converts. One I know appears to have persuaded himself that Torquemada used an anaesthetic.

★ ★ ★

I suppose Dr Sargent will now diagnose that Krushchev timed the release of the shooting down of the RB47 for the opening day of Mental Health Week as another act of planned Pavlovian sabotage. This was obviously destined to be one of those crisis-laden late summers. Already the silly season is overcast. The giant marrow is pitted and pock-marked. The monster sulks at the bottom of the loch. Even the *Daily Mirror* has to wear the bikini on the back page. And just how are we to preserve our mental health while Mr Macmillan permits the major powers to play Russian roulette with our floating aircraft carrier? He might have celebrated the Week by giving the Cabinet a death-wish test. The interval between now and the American election is going to be a tempting time for Mr Thanatos. I think we shall survive, but I am starting to have uncomfortably total recall of other crisis-laden summers. The morning of 2 September 1939 in Avignon, when I discovered the extent of French mobilisation. The barber's was deserted except for the woman at the cash desk, very red about the eyes. Shave? Yes, it could still be done. A crone in a grey striped institutional dress and felt slippers shuffled through the bead curtain. She seized my nose in horny finger and thumb and began lathering with bravura. As she took up the razor she cackled: *'Ah, m'sieu, vous êtes le premier vif que j'ai rasé.'* I reminded her nervously that a vif, unlike her corpses at the undertaker's, could still bleed.

★ ★ ★

It looks as if it will be some time before the dust raised by the Knossos date controversy, touched off by Professor Palmer's article in the *Observer*, dies down. Students of academic form tell me there is often a latent hostility between philologists and archaeologists. Professor Palmer seems to have established some of his main points. I should have thought anything like conscious deception would have been utterly foreign to Sir Arthur Evans. Many years ago I was taken to tea with him on Boar's Hill, where he lived in some style. He was one of the rich scholars. He was then old yet ageless, with an air of remoteness and distinction. He seemed, I remember, curiously vague in manner, as if a century here or there would make little difference. My chief recollection is of his Siamese cat. It was elaborately cherished and cossetted. After tea a special box of toys was brought in for it. It was a most sagacious cat. I got the impression that Linear B would have been child's play to it. I am afraid this may all lead to a good deal of bitterness, cutting in the Athenaeum and severance of relations in Senior Common Rooms. The most direct threat one feuding scholar can make to another goes like this: 'I have only one more thing to say to you: I am writing to *The Times* to ask them to send me a proof of your obituary notice which they were good enough to ask me to compose. I intend to make some rather extensive emendations!'

★ ★ ★

Students, meanwhile, of the mystique of Printing House Square should make a point of reading *The Times* obituary notice last Monday of Ronald Carton, the founder and overseer of its crossword puzzle. Carton, who died at the age of 71, was a likeable person and a most versatile journalist. He was the paper's first aeronautical correspondent; also its Tokyo correspondent during the great Japanese earthquake of 1923. He was editor of *Country Life* for a time. His obituary is written with the skill and affection with which you would expect the paper to commemorate a member of its own establishment. It contains a remarkable item of that necrophila which is inseparable from *The Times persona* as the national repository of birth and death, being and becoming, change and decay. Carton joined *The Times* in 1910 an assistant to the news editor. 'He used to recall,' says the notice, 'that almost his first task was to go out to buy a white silk handkerchief to place over the face of Moberley Bell, who had died at his desk.'

With faintly morbid eagerness I leafed through the first issue of *Where?* This is the bulletin of the Advisory Centre for Education. The aim of this admirable body is to provide parents, particularly those who are sending their children to state schools, with information so that they can have as much choice as possible in the matter of where, what, and how, their offspring are taught. The affinity with *Which?*, the now famous publication of the Consumers' Association, is close. Both associations started from the same house in Bethnal Green: 18 Victoria Park Square, E2. Do not, however, expect *Where?* to supply you with an annotated classified directory of the Blackboard Jungle or the exotic forcing houses of the private academies. It expressly states that the ACE will never attempt to assess the quality of any particular school – even though its main function will be to answer individual members' queries with the aid of a panel of expert consultants. There seems to be a contradiction here. No doubt it will be solved with a little tact and compromise and reading between the lines.

★ ★ ★

One ought not, I know, to be flippant about education. It is of all serious subjects perhaps the most serious; and a terrain where the reactionary is always lying in wait for the irresponsible. But I can never forget Osbert Sitwell's dictum: 'After the average English private and public school the remainder of one's life, however unpleasant, cannot fail to seem something of a holiday.' Also the truth about any school is likely to be almost unbelievably odd. In Evelyn Waugh's *Decline And Fall*, you may remember, Dr Fagan announced, albeit reluctantly, the engagement of one of his daughters to his atrocious assistant master, Captain Grimes. In real life I happened to be present at the celebration, at one of the various institutions that provided Waugh with inspiration for Llanabba College, when the headmaster announced, most joyfully, the engagement of his daughter to the head of the school. He was one of the backward sons of wealthy or aristocratic parents for whom the establishment, long since defunct, specially catered. She was . . . well, not exactly a chicken.

★ ★ ★

The story of Prince Galitzin coming to an arrangement with the Russian authorities over his aunt's jewels is pleasingly like fiction; Soviet fiction at that. The aunt, Princess Scherbatov, is believed to have cached jewellery worth about £250,000 in one of eight houses in Leningrad in 1917. If Prince Galitzin can get her to divulge or remember the hiding place and the jewellery is found the authorities have agreed to split. The parallel is the novel *Twelve Chairs or Diamonds To Sit On* by Ilf and Petrov, the Soviet picaresque humorous writers. This was a search for hidden jewels by a gang of buffoonish rogues headed by one Ostap Bender. It was excellent farce. Its sequel, *The Little Golden Calf*, was even better. In this Bender tracked down a millionaire speculator from the NEP period, prised his fortune away from him, only to find he couldn't spend it because all the hotels were full of delegations. Either would have made a good film of the type of René Clair's classic *Le Million*. They belong to a special genre of Soviet novel that flourished in the late Twenties. I wish somebody would republish them as paperbacks. They would re-read well today, in our own NEP era.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In a reference to the outside world, Dr Fisher said the nations were building up armaments while all were wishing that they could disarm – and so they were building up armaments so that they *could* disarm!

At no time had man been more certain that nobody could be safe on this earth.

The Archbishop gave the Blessing and later he inspected the hospital kitchens. – *Kentish Gazette*. (Edward P. Wilmot.)

About his late employer, the late Lord Tredegar, Cronin said: 'I regarded him as being the ideal employer. I was so happy with him.

'It was a position where a butler would never address his master without first being addressed. In that, I had the minimum of conversation and that is why I was so happy with my master.' – *Daily Express*. (T. Griffiths).

The meeting followed the pattern set at Bingley Hall: hymns, prayers – 'Every head down, every eye closed' – a violin solo and the preaching of Mr. Hutchings culminating in the call to witness. Six hundred people went towards the platform along the cinder tracks in response to Mr. Hutchings's appeal to make 'a decision for Christ' and an earlier request not to walk on the grass. – *Birmingham Post* (W. R. Andrews).

CA boiled 3 pints of water in the Volcano with eleven daily newspapers. *The Daily Worker, Daily Telegraph, Daily Herald, Daily Sketch* and *The Guardian* boiled the water fastest – 5-6½ minutes. *The Times* took 8½ minutes and made *fairly* dense smoke. *The Financial Times* took 9½ minutes and gave off *very* dense smoke. – *Which?* (Judith Sanders).

The Curtain of Delusion

When I go to one of the international bookshops in Warsaw to buy a copy of *Le Monde* or the *Guardian*, and I think about my trips to Paris and London, I often remember that it was not so long ago – five or six years – that the very idea of reading a western paper in public was unthinkable. The increase of mutual contacts between West and East is indeed spectacular. But I do not think that mutual understanding has kept pace. This is especially true of western opinions of the Iron Curtain countries.

Of course, the image of the West is to some extent falsified in the minds of people in Communist countries – by constant mis-information on the radio and in the press, but much more by their own subconscious mental counter-offensive against all propaganda. People here see the United States and Western Europe in black and white, with a strong inclination to invest everything 'there' with all their unfulfilled dreams, hopes and desires. This is easily understandable. What is a little more difficult to explain are Western misunderstandings of life and thought in countries under Communist rule. Poland is still a great meeting ground of peoples, ideas, and periodicals and books, and is, I believe, the best place to watch how these develop. Therefore, without pretending to express anybody's opinion but my own, I venture to put down here a few remarks on how to see more clearly through the widening gaps in the dividing Curtain.

Let us start with the cardinal sins; and I think there are two of them. One is the tendency to rationalize everything that happens in the totalitarian countries; the other, the tendency to forget the basic difference between Russia and her 'satellites'. Despite ample evidence to the contrary, it is commonly supposed in the West that totalitarian rule implies strict governmental order and the diminishing role of accident in the political and social life of a country. In articles and books about Communism undue stress is placed upon conscious planning. In fact, the totalitarian-bureaucratic machinery is rigid, extremely complex by reason of its size, and clumsy in operation; and because of the lack of safety-valves – normal in the West – the role of the unforeseen, of chance, is – actually very great. When I think of the unpredictable decisions which flow from the interaction of this vast series of personal, ideological and mechanical impulses, I can only smile at the interpretative exercises of western journalists discerning 'Moscow's hand' in every act. I have read half a dozen articles, in English, French and American papers, commenting on recent changes in the Polish government, and each was guilty of the sin of rationalization. We and our governments are – perhaps unfortunately – much more human than is generally supposed.

It is true that people in the West are aware of the personal struggles for power within the governmental apparatus of the Communist régimes. But again, the situation is over-simplified and the influence of the individual drive for power is usually overrated at the expense of the very real ideological differences between Communist leaders. Here, this side of the Elbe, their importance is obvious; they may seem subtle or even casuistic to outsiders, but actually they have enormous practical implications and therefore lead to violent political clashes.

Everybody knows that the 'satellites' are kept under Russia's heel by force and that anti-Communist feeling in these countries has a profound nationalistic basis. However, when it comes to comparing anti-régime literature in Russia with, say, Hungary or Poland, strange confusions arise. The West, which has little understanding of and sympathy for ideological issues, is also gradually ceasing to understand national issues either. Western publicists habitually seem to miss the very important point that Russia is the heart of an Empire – while the 'people's democracies' are the provinces. When a Rumanian criticises Communism, he does so usually as a slave would have criticised the Roman Empire; when a Russian does so, he is well aware that, for good or for evil, he is one of the rulers.

In Eastern Europe the Communist régime is still something alien. Attacking it, we attack from outside. For the Russians, it is their own, self-created order. They may dislike it, but at the same time they have to accept it as their responsibility. Nobody likes consciously to saw off the branch on which he himself is sitting. When an average Russian criticises his government, he does it with the idea in mind of the great historical mission Russia has to perform, and he knows that to destroy this government would mean to abandon any possibility of carrying out this mission. So he criticises only half-heartedly. For us 'government' and 'Communism' are two easily separable things, for them it is a unity. Moreover we have experienced parliamentary democracy and the 'bourgeois revolution' in our history; Russia has never done so except for a few chaotic months in 1917. This is the main reason why, when we hope – as we all do – for changes in Communism, we have to look at Russia, which is the only place where such an evolution can be organic and natural.

Admittedly, there is a good deal of sharp and destructive criticism of the Soviet régime in Russia at the moment. There is *Doctor Zhivago*, Abram Terc's widely acclaimed *The Trial Begins . . .* and *A Voice out of Russia* published recently in the *Sunday Times*, to quote only three examples. But here is another source of misunderstanding. Neither Pasternak nor Terc is in the least representative of liberal Soviet thought. Pasternak was always a highly introspective writer, living in seclusion, immersed in the past. Besides, he was Jewish. Abram Terc is Jewish, too. The fact is that Jews in Russia have been discriminated against for many decades, and even now it is more difficult for a Jew to get a good job than a Russian. Russian writers are frequently anti-semitic, and some of them try to conceal their 'non-aryan' origin. The result is that among intellectuals of Jewish origin there is a widespread sense of alienation, often unconscious but nevertheless influential in their work. Isaak Babel, a commissar in Budenny's Red Horse Army during the revolution and a first-class short story writer, is a striking example: he was as Communist as one can be, but at the same time he treated the Russian 'muzhik' with unveiled contempt. This contempt for the more crude and uneducated, for those who are more deeply involved in naive political activity, has been a tradition among some Soviet-Jewish authors. Ilya Ilf and the early Ehrenburg are examples. Terc is a typical product of this tradition, even to the point of having almost nothing in common with the atmosphere of Russian prose. If, therefore, we are looking for encouragement in the future development of Russian literature, we must look at the typical, not at the outsiders. There are a lot of works which give substance to such a hope – less sensational than *Zhivago*, but much more influential and characteristic.

The case of *A Voice out of Russia* is somewhat different. If the 'voice' is really Russian – and I am very doubtful about that – it is the voice of an outsider as well. And of a very primitive outsider, who writes exactly as a rather simple-minded western journalist would expect a 'good' Russian to write. He rejects everything – he even prefers Stalin to Krushchev – and hopes only for a miracle. He gives us little more than the slogans found in the right-wing western press. He assures the West that 'war has become impossible. The people will sweep the Hydra away if he risks such a monstrous adventure.' It sounds pretty wonderful in the age of guided missiles – and encouraging for American generals.

But I am not very surprised that some serious journalists and 'experts' have swallowed this poor worm of a bait. Everything Russian is in vogue now. The West obviously likes wishful thinking. The general watchword is 'Look, the Bear *does* talk'. Only a few people seem to remember that the Bear itself is a clumsy creation of underfed imagination. There is no Bear at all, and it should be no surprise that living people, however different they may be, can think and talk. But there is a demand for talking monsters and I can see an avalanche of *Voices out of Russia* approaching. In *Aku-Aku*, Thor Heyerdahl tells how the aborigines of Easter Island produced 'real' excavated items to support his theories. Now we have – and we shall have many more – Russians and pseudo-Russians producing 'documents' to fit into Western concepts of Communism.

The West is unfortunately getting its infor-

mation about Russian mainly from the outsiders. This is less true of the 'people's democracies'. But here, other misapprehensions arise. The most important one, I believe, concerns the so-called 'revisionists'. A 'revisionist,' by definition, is a person who considers himself a Marxist, and is now trying to modify his opinions, usually in the social-democratic direction. The great social and political advantage of the revisionists is that they are in close contact with Party members, and that they use basically the same language as the classics of Marxism and contemporary official Marxist ideologists. The second factor is, however, an enormous handicap at the same time: the language they use is full of abstract entities, often borrowed from Hegel, and reality either eludes them or gets caught only after long and tiresome pursuit. Several anthologies of revisionism, in Poland and elsewhere, were published in the West – I was lucky enough to see them and even read a few reviews – and the general impression is that they are discovering some very simple and obvious truths after many seemingly unnecessary speculations and vagaries of scholastical Marxist minds.

As you might expect, this tortuous method increases their possible influence on party officials, who are often unable to think in any other terms, but makes them virtually useless to anyone else. True, they give a splendid moral example as people who have rejected easy careers and comfortable doctrinaire equipment for the sake of social honesty. But they would lose all their importance, all their meaning, if taken outside their natural national and political environment. Not so long ago, the most serious Polish emigré periodical, *Kultura,* proposed to form a 'centre of revisionism' somewhere in western Europe. The centre was supposed to consist of 'defected' young writers and philosophers. The impact of this unintentionally provocative idea on Iron Curtain security officers can be imagined. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the revisionists have been deprived of half their influence by the clumsy enthusiasm of 'friends in the Free World'.

In conclusion I can't refrain from dropping one general political hint. There are two main obstacles to seeing the truth about Communist countries. One is Communist propaganda itself, and all the official restrictions imposed by security services, the purpose of which is to hide the truth – a truth somewhat different from the repeated assertions of Krushchev and his colleagues. This everybody knows about. But a no less important danger are the people usually and vaguely called 'reactionary', who have learned nothing. They claim to represent the very real desire for more freedom in the Communist countries, but in fact they only evoke ghosts dead long ago. You may not – and certainly many people in Eastern European countries do not – like the fact that the future of a great part of the world belongs to something called, not very appropriately, Socialism. But nevertheless it is true, and to close one's eyes to it does not help at all. The people I am talking about, honest as they may frequently be, delude themselves and, what is much worse, help western politicians to delude others as well. They are fulfilling Stalin's dictum that the class struggle increases in violence with the progress of 'building Socialism' – they prove it because the gap between them and reality becomes wider and wider. And if you wish to see the results of a similar failure to face up to reality, look at China. This is the greatest, and possibly most calamitous, monument of western wishful thinking.

ROBERT DANOWSKI

Topdog Underdog

THE hills where he made his first speeches and one of his last and where he will be buried and where the wild, melancholy sound of Welsh hymns is heard this week-end, are the bleakest in South Wales, even if they are near the Beacons. Their scars are deepest. In winter the grass is grey and in spring not much greener. Ponies and combative sheep abandon them for the streets in search of food. Over the hill from Tredegar, industry is at its ugliest, the smoke billowing out of the gash in the earth that is Ebbw Vale. When the rain falls, as it did the day Aneurin Bevan died, it seems an impossible alchemy that anyone or anything should come out of such a place with gifts great enough to dazzle the world. But it happened and it doesn't need much of an exploration of the mining and steel towns to grasp that, in spite of the dead grass and the slagheaps and the smoke, alchemy was unnecessary. The hero was his own people.

The more vulgar images of a valley in tears when the news of his death came were, as one would think, untrue. The death was expected. But the sadness was of a kind which would probably seem peculiar in parts of the country where heroes seldom embody with such extraordinary fidelity the attitudes and history (and in their talents express) the exacting character and dreams of place and people. When kings who were loved by their people died it was, I suppose, this kind of sadness, except that this people retain, as their king recommended, the bump of irreverence.

'Of course, when he bought that farm, we were a bit troubled. A gentleman farmer seemed a Tory sort of thing. But then we thought he was entitled to it for all he'd done. And then we thought – Would anyone think twice if anybody else who'd done as well as he had bought a luxury yacht, let alone a farm. Shows you how straight Nye was compared with the rest that we should think such a thing.'

'I could never understand the fuss they made about that "lower than vermin" speech. Aneurin was quite right. They were lower than vermin. Any crowd that could let the things happen that happened here before the war are lower than vermin, let's face it.'

'I think he'd have had a good laugh about what the papers are saying about him today, especially the *Daily Express* and *Western Mail.* I remember him saying once that if he ever got a favourable mention in them that he wouldn't dare show his face in Trèdegar.'

'During the war, it was a funny thing. I mean, we were fighting the war like everybody else. But we thought Nye was wonderful attacking Churchill like that. Great. After all, don't forget, Churchill was no bloody hero down here. He was no friend of the miners. I'm not saying he was just a warmonger – fair's fair. But Nye was speaking for us. He always was.'

'He was never clannish about Welsh people. He just was Welsh, Tredegar Welsh, anyway. He never lost his accent, either, never got out of touch. Mind you, he liked the good things in life. Why not? So do I. I know that we didn't see much of him these last few years but we didn't mind. We were proud of him. Anything Nye did was all right because it was bound to be all right if Nye was doing it.'

'Any road, how can they say he didn't do anything for Wales? What about the National Health? Look at the difference that's made down here. And take when the Eisteddfod was here. The council gave them money, which they were entitled to do because of some act Nye passed. He cared about things like that, see. He wasn't just a politician.'

'All this nonsense in the papers about him being wayward and brilliant and a phrase-maker, as if it's a terrible thing to be. What did they want? Some dry old stick? It lifted you up just to hear him talk whatever he was saying. When he was younger he was a bit more fiery, I suppose, but the times were more fiery, weren't they?'

'People who used to work with him in the pit say he was like a tiger underground.'

These random appraisals offered around Tredegar's enormous clock and in the pubs and clubs and cafes in the places around could be heard in most other towns in industrial Wales. I don't know anyone who didn't feel that Aneurin Bevan represented him. At meetings in Swansea or Cardiff he was welcomed with the same family enthusiasm and almost an equal sense of pride as at those on the hillside above Tredegar. After his death people have talked about him as people do in Welsh parlours after funerals, freely, as if they'd known him well, and wanted to fix him in their minds by praise.

'It wasn't just that he was a collier's son who became a Cabinet minister, though God knows that was enough. It's that he was always a collier's son in his heart. He knew what we were thinking because he was one of us. Do you see what I mean? He was a sort of underdog like us, but he was a top-dog underdog.'

'And he could speak. To have the gift of words, to hold the meeting in your hands. Those are the things, boy.'

And inevitably, the more sophisticated forms of praise, reflecting sometimes unconsciously, the general thesis of the superiority of the Welsh over the English. This gift of words, for example, which in Wales is often held to be different from, and superior to, any question of the meaning of words. The sound is what matters, the grace and charm and fire of the words, whatever they may mean. Men who stride the hills, like bards of old, should not be brought down to the level of flatland people. Poets and preachers, the men with the gift, should be listened to and praised and followed.

But isn't there here a danger of Messianism? Not when the gift is used as a defence against precisely that. Inextricably confused are the notions that all men are equal, but that some men have superior gifts which ensure them insights into the nature of things, while yet remaining equal and part of the people among whom they grew up and, being Welsh, suffered.

And, of course, the opinion that it was the obtuseness of the English, their placidity, their over-weening lack of imagination which prevented Aneurin Bevan becoming Prime Minister or Foreign Secretary and making the country dynamic and gay in his own image. Or was it impossible for any man to become these things who retained so purely the ideals of his people?

W. JOHN MORGAN

Argonarc
Argonarc is the process which welds the new metals and alloys used in Britain's aircraft, rockets and nuclear power stations.
British Oxygen developed the Argonarc process and has produced equipment for every kind of welding that industry needs.
BOC companies supply industry with the best tools for the job.
British Oxygen
BOC

The Arts and Entertainment

Picasso at the Tate—II

THERE is a tendency in modern art towards the *isolation* of one aesthetic quality or another, say, linear tension, luminosity, weight or weightlessness or both of them contrasted, compositional geometry, contrasts of texture, the sense of movement, the flatness-depth duality. A modern work will often, rather than embrace and reconcile several such qualities, be concentrated towards possessing one or two of them to an extreme degree. The quality isolated doesn't merely acquire an especial intensity, it is as it were placed there on exhibition, it is exposed. For it is not predicated of something but, rather, offered for our contemplation as if it were itself a thing. It becomes a noun instead of an adjective. A picture is not about, say, the weight of the dead Christ but about weight, not about the surging movement of a Bacchanalian revel but surging movement.

Picasso's position among modern artists is connected with his genius for isolating particular aesthetic qualities with an unequalled ruthlessness and brilliance, and for doing it to an unequalled range and diversity of qualities. He does it, moreover, with no fear at all of being obvious. It would be difficult to think of a painting which made its point, I mean its formal point, not merely its emotional point, more clearly than the famous Pink Period picture (which is among those that the Russians are meant to be sending to the Tate) of a beach scene in which a slim child, all grace and ethereality, balances on a ball near a seated man with shoulders and back of enormous breadth and mountainous density. Here, of course, the point is not only an obvious one but also an unsophisticated one. When the point becomes sophisticated, it is still obvious. What, for example, once the Cubist principle of synthesising different views of a thing is accepted, could be easier to grasp than the idea of the typical Picasso head of the 1930's combining a straightforward profile with a straighforward front view?

A need to do one thing at a time and make it perfectly clear what that thing is, coupled with a genius for doing a great many different things, would certainly account for many of the peculiarities of Picasso's methods and development. It explains his use of a diversity of styles. And also his indifference to disguising his sources. Indeed, if he did disguise them it would be to his disadvantage: if a figure intended to isolate monumentality and timelessness recalls classical sculpture or a head intended to isolate fearsomeness recalls Oceanic masks, so much the better. The need to isolate also links with the penchant for caricature which shows in the Blue Period drawings and often reappears. And it connects with Picasso's habit of working in series and with the extraordinary way the *Meninas* series developed, with the most complex and complete version coming first, followed by a long succession of more partial statements – from the comprehensive to the fragmentary.

The need to isolate often governs Picasso's use of colour. At different times he isolates blue, pink, black-and-white, and so on. This has both a positive and a negative aspect. The positive is the assertion of the chosen colour: it's often said that Velasquez and Goya made a colour of black; Picasso's black-and-white pictures isolate this strain in the Spanish tradition. The negative aspect is that absence of variety in the colour helps to isolate qualities of form. Thus black-and-white tends to be used in ambitious and complex compositions like *L'Atelier de la Modiste, Guernica, The Charnel House,* and the first *Meninas*. It has been said that the absence of colour from *Guernica* and *The Charnel House* has to do with their tragic content, but this doesn't square with its absence from the other pictures. What all four pictures have in common is that they are larger canvases with more figures in them than most Picassos. Black-and-white, then, seems to have been used because managing a complicated composition was enough without having to organise contrasts of colour as well.

Picasso's compulsion to isolate particular aesthetic qualities is analogous to his habit of breaking down the human figure into fragments and building some of them up into a new construction within which the fragments retain their separate identities. He breaks down art into its several elements and exhibits them separately. Sometimes they are put together into a construction which is a series whose different members exhibit different qualities so that the whole is the sum of a number of ways of dealing with a theme – the *Meninas* copies, for example (as a set of variations they are akin, not to the Diabelli Variations, which grow out of one another, but to The Art of Fugue). But many of Picasso's series or periods don't attempt to do several different things but go on doing the same thing until he embarks on a different series or period. But these periods are each as a whole part of a construction — the pattern of Picasso's career, a pattern infinitely diverse but unified by a conception of pictorial beauty which is as utterly personal as it is strange and ravishing. It is because the pattern of his career in its entirety is so thrilling that he is magnified by an exhibition on the colossal scale of the Tate's, where most artists would be diminished by its size. One walks about in these rooms in a state of amazement, vastly excited, and vastly entertained.

But if one can bear to drag oneself away to take a look at Bonnard's *La Table* and Matisse's portrait of Derain downstairs and then return to the Picassos, they now look curiously inert. One had imagined, under the spell of Picasso seen whole, that modern painting just couldn't be better than this: one had forgotten how much an individual great modern painting could do, that it can offer a dimension beyond Picasso's scope (as one forgets when watching a first-rate film that the theatre can offer a further dimension than this). A dimension is missing as the result of a too urgent and all-embracing compulsion to isolate particular qualities. Picasso seems to decide what it is that he wants to abstract from his subject, and then to shut his eyes and mind to it until he has given form to his decision and can make a fresh start on something else. Not necessarily on a different canvas, perhaps only on a different image, but on a *different* image. The film, *The Picasso Mystery,* is illuminating about this. It shows the myriad transformations undergone by a big painting of a beach scene, and each transformation is a change of image, never, as with the successive states that were photographed of paintings by Matisse, a further stage in the evolution of an image. The transformations are like those in the pattern seen in a kaleidoscope, forever forming and re-forming as it is shaken up, but only changing, never growing, whereas transformations in Matisse belong to a process of growth. There is no growth because each change cancels rather than qualifies what was there before: Picasso doesn't allow the experience of a subject over a period of time, with every alteration of heart and mind and perception that occurs, to accrete in a single painting in which every successive layer of the experience is somehow still active. Because he doesn't let nature take him by surprise, but always has to take it by surprise, he doesn't allow the total experience of the subject in all its richness to flood in and carry him along with it. He maintains his omnipotence by keeping his separate experiences of the subject in separate compartments.

If one regrets that Picasso's individual pictures haven't in consequence the richness and depth of a Matisse or a Bonnard, it is not because of a nostalgia for the definite character of the comprehensive masterpieces of the past. It is because one wants a painting to be self-contradictory, not 'a sum of destructions' but a sum of contradictions. The tendency of modern art to isolate doesn't at all preclude this: look at the serenity and the violence locked together in a Mondrian. Picasso, however, except in his Analytical Cubist works, only contradicts himself as between one painting or period and another. And contradictory statements that are juxtaposed can't combine to mean as much as contradictory statements that are superimposed: the first can only mean an interplay, the second an interlocking; the first can only mean opposition, the second opposition and reconciliation. The greatest paintings don't need the context of a great one-man exhibition.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Cheltenham Refurbished

THE first programme of the Cheltenham Festival was a model. It opened with Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem,* and ended with the Symphony in C of Stravinsky – a framework of genius, albeit unequal, that would have afforded consolation for almost any musical disasters in the rest of the programme. But in fact no such consolation was required. Alexander Goehr's *Four Songs from the Japanese* and Richard Bennett's *Five Pieces for Orchestra* were both of a standard that requires no special sponsorship. The Goehr songs are short and unpretentious, but not, I think, unimportant. They are not as simple as they seem – which is good – and they are not as conservative as they seem – which doesn't matter. More relevant is the fact that the songs each have a memorable and distinctive character, and although the writing is not without an occasional awkwardness, it is still both sturdy and original. There are possibly one or two errors of judgment in the balance of voice and orchestra, but texturally the work is for the most part a delight. The 'sound' of the songs is remarkable considering that they were first written with piano accompaniment, yet it owes a lot to Goehr's scrupulous concern for the movement and spacing of the parts. It is to be hoped that Miss Rosemary Phillips will be given further opportunities of singing the work.

Richard Bennett's *Five Pieces for Orchestra* are as opulent as the Goehr Songs are sparing. They were written in 1956 when the com-

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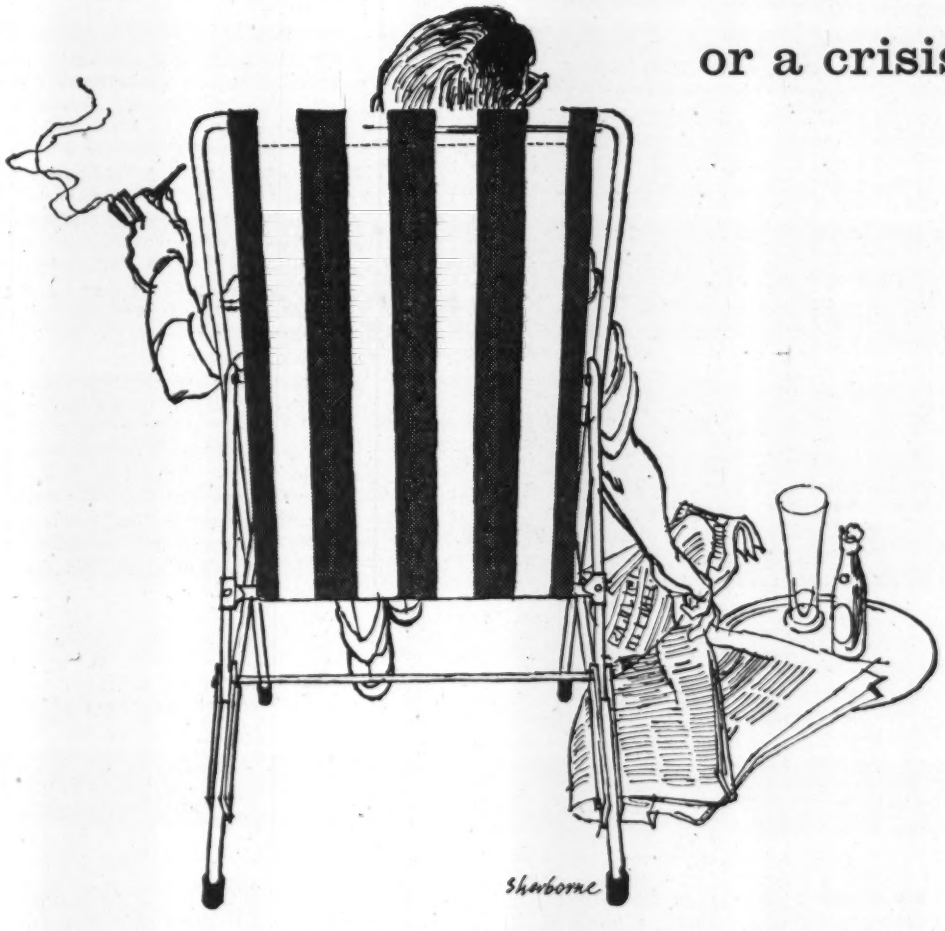

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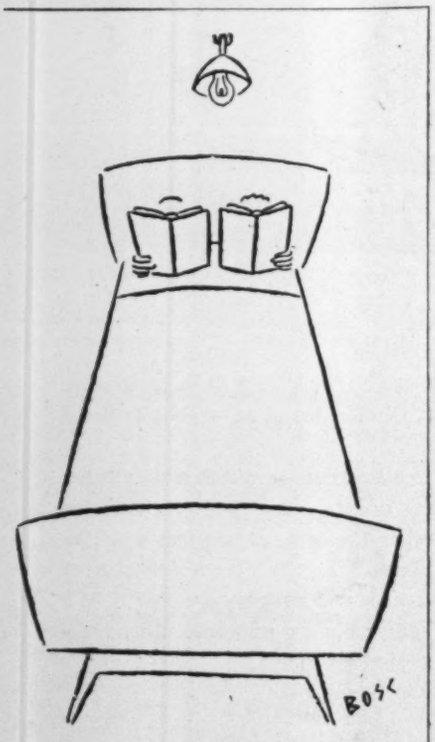
poser was 19 or 20, and had they been first performed in that year they would surely have had a very different reception. It is easy to assume a superior air now that more advanced music (and, theoretically, Bennett's more advanced music) is *à la mode*, but dates and fashions and styles are part of the flotsam of criticism, and it is more useful to point out the positive merits of these pieces. From the technical point of view they are an astonishing achievement for so young a composer, and on that level far outshine many of the worthy products of what used to be gloomily known as the Cheltenham School. But despite their rather frightening sophistication it is to that school that the pieces belong: the musical gestures, whether anguished, defiant or meditative, are forgivably conventional, and behind this display of panache there is nothing very substantial. The history of a brilliant composer in search of a personality would not, I suspect, become much clearer if English audiences were to hear the second set of orchestral pieces which Bennett wrote in the same year and which were first performed in Darmstadt: a different school, but the same efficiency and the same insubstantiality. Only one kind of question may legitimately be asked on the basis of the *Five Pieces* heard at Cheltenham (rather than on the basis of table talk) and that is: what has become of this remarkable talent? Has it been put to good use? Has it developed, matured, and fulfilled itself? The concert organisations and the publisher's catalogues have so far given us no opportunity of finding the answers, and the cinema, for which Bennett has written 12 scores, is, in every sense, an inappropriate arena, a stamping ground for the two-dimensional.



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It would be hard to imagine anything more resolutely two-dimensional than Francis Burt's *Espressione Orchestrale*, which was performed at Cheltenham's second orchestral concert. This is certainly not film music, though some of it sounds like accompanied-recitative from which the recitative has somehow been mislaid. There is a lot of figuration but no figures, a lot of activity but no movement. Although Burt has acquired a greater fluency and sense of orchestral colour since his *Iambics*, which was heard at Cheltenham some time ago, he is as far as ever from finding a personal accent. The influence of his teacher Boris Blacher is still very evident, and the very lively ghosts of Blacher's best orchestral work, the *Orchester-Ornament*, dominate the harmony, melody, rhythm and texture. Burt's music is not by any means confined to the Blacher mannerisms, but it is limited and held back by them. In particular one finds that the processes of harmonic and rhythmic intensification lack a truly spontaneous line. They merely aggravate themselves and the result is a kind of exasperated navel-gazing.

Nonetheless, the music has its agreeable moments, and these suggest a certain theatrical talent that encourages hope for Burt's opera *Volpone*. With a highly commercial and competitive *avant-garde* around us, it is not easy to stick to an unfashionable style, and Burt deserves credit for his determination.

The choice of classics of the past or present is one of the most admirable features of this year's Cheltenham Festival. Colin Davis's interpretation of Stravinsky's Symphony in C, which ended the first concert, has the makings of a good performance. It has considerable vigour, and the tempi on the whole are excellent. But before this performance is repeated at the Proms (on 8 August) there is much that should be attended to. Apart from the practical matter of instrumental details which are ragged and ineffective, there is a fundamental problem of balance. There are passages when the miraculously fine textures are not made to cohere, and the wide-spaced harmony does not achieve its proper equilibrium. There is also a confusion over what one might call the masculine and feminine elements in this intensely dramatic work. Only some false inhibition induced by Stravinsky's misrepresented pronouncements on musical interpretation can account for the grotesquely wrong and inexpressive phrasing we heard of such things as the *dolce cantabile* episodes in the slow movement and the *meno mosso* of the third movement. Similarly, the Elysium flute trio of the first movement is marked *forte* for structural reasons, but it is also marked *cantabile*, and must be played as such. On the other hand, Davis seems equally nervous of the masculine and Beethovenian tonal drama of the work. Shortly before the coda to the first movement, there is a tremendous moment when the flat seventh asserts itself over the accented leading note that we have been hearing throughout the movement. In Cheltenham, there was no excitement in the event, and the same fate befell the exactly parallel structural event towards the end of the last movement. To perform this Symphony as it deserves, one must begin with the sheer excitement of discovering the common chord anew and as if for the first time; and one must end with a broad and confident view of all that is lyrical and all that is dramatic in this symphony of Stravinsky's summer.

DAVID DREW

Formula Plus

IN television, as in wallpaper and detective fiction, some patterns are safer than others; but their use is not necessarily discreditable. Two new ITV series rely on well-tried formulæ – the drama of court proceedings, and the intimate, unrehearsed discussion in which two persons of some intellectual quality confront one another. Both started so well that I did not find the familiar patterns boringly hackneyed; and each, in any case, varies the pattern slightly.

On Trial condenses a real *cause célèbre* into one hour (minus commercials), using the actual words spoken in court but, since obviously much more is cut than included, filling gaps with an expertly brief commentary by Brian Inglis – a modification of the treatment devised (also by Granada) for *The Verdict is Yours*, which was fictional, semi-improvised, and spoiled by a too perceptible pressure of time. *On Trial* more successfully suggests the leisurely tempo and mounting suspense of a court of law. By a coincidence, its opening edition seemed almost topical in the week of the Congo disturbances; for the trial was that of Sir Roger Casement. I followed some of it with the original text: Casement's famous closing speech had to be sadly cut, but I think that something of its effect would have come through to those to whom it was new. Peter Wyngarde looked Casement to the life, the noble, bearded face now alert and exultant, now perplexed and grave. Abraham Sofaer, John Westbrook, and John Robinson (heavily whiskered) were convincing as the Lord Chief Justice, F. E. Smith, and Serjeant Sullivan. Produced by Peter Wildeblood, directed by Cliff Owen: a promising experiment. The series is also to include the Edwardian 'Baccarat scandal' (tonight, Friday), the Dilke divorce, and the trials of W. T. Stead, Bottomley, and (inevitably, nowadays) Wilde.

The second new series *Appointment With . . .* has been referred to, loosely, as ITV's answer to *Face to Face*, but its aim and method are not what such a comparison suggests. In each edition Malcolm Muggeridge is seen in a half-hour's conversation with some eminent person – in the first, Arthur Miller, in the second (tonight) Jacques Soustelle. But these are not 'interviews' and the main object is not so much to present a profile of the eminent person as to deploy the general ideas and views which he and his interlocutor have in common, or in opposition; for Mr Muggeridge takes his full part, visually and orally. Even at 10.35 pm, this is solid stuff for ITV: one can imagine those ATV and A-R tycoons at home in their luxury lounges – switched to the commercial channel, indeed, because, like millions of viewers, they had heard of Mr Miller as Marilyn Monroe's husband, but becoming increasingly restive as time went by and such words as 'transcendentalism' were let slip, and there were disrespectful remarks about 'fatuous affluence', and Mr Muggeridge called suicide 'the supreme act of self-pity' and Mr Miller chipped in with 'or of vengeance' . . . and not a word about Miss Monroe and her love-life.

As one would expect, Mr Miller is given to sweeping generalisations which command one's sympathy, while being only three-quarters true – such as 'We are all responsible for Buchenwald and the atomic bomb'. His picture of contemporary America was moderately optimistic: 'at least the questions are being asked' which weren't asked when he

wrote *Death of a Salesman* (or when McCarthy flourished). The moral of this enlightened conversation was totally contrary to all the values for which commercial television stands: I hope to goodness the tycoons realise how good it is for their prestige that it should go on being networked.

Sticking to a familiar formula is all very well if you stick to the same medium, but formulæ don't always travel well from one medium to another. Those old radio favourites, *Twenty Questions* and *My Word!*, are now both on TV (the former having swapped Authorities as well as media). Neither gains from the change; and – brilliant as Muir's and Norden's paronomastic fantasies still are – the arch pedantries of *My Word!* seem too self-conscious in vision to be as amusing as they were on sound.

TOM DRIBERG

Old and New Waves

INCREDIBILITY is the trump card of any film tackling the 'Monkey Trial' of Dayton, Tennessee, between the wars. What! – you exclaim – was it only then – 30 odd years ago? Bang from the screen that should come, followed by the relevation that leading counsel for the defence, William Jennings Bryan, had three times run for President. Stanley Kramer's *Inherit the Wind* (Plaza) muffles all this, with changed names of people and place, and the basis of a stage play. So there is no Bryan, no Clarence Darrow for the defence, no H. L. Mencken reporting – but of course the accused teacher is in love with the local hell-fire preacher's daughter. Kramer has chosen a tough subject in order to be soft; and it's no surprise when defence counsel walks towards us with the Bible under one arm and Darwin under the other.

But it must be allowed that having chosen the sweet, theatrical way instead of the strait and narrow, this film fairly spanks along. 'Hillborough' is all banners and marching matrons and well-drilled choruses of 'Give me that `old-time religion' (but never another song or tune) in the heat-wave; the hell-firer's pretty daughter has quite a tussle, but her accused school-teacher could not love her so much, loved he not Evolution more; Fredric March, bald, greedy, and hallelujah-well-met, does better than Bryan could ever have done; and if Spencer Tracy's Darrow-substitute doesn't equal Orson Welles's in the film of the Leopold and Loeb case, *Compulsion*, it is still foxily irresistible.

And the somewhat muffled moral? Well, apart from Tracy giving us a last gesture both worlds, there is Gene Kelly's very reduced facsimile of Mencken. Mencken, after all, *was* a demotic Flaubert. But here, satire (reduced to 'cynicism') has to be shown as hollow; so we're treated to a hushed moment when the two defenders of faiths turn to him with a 'Where will your loneliness lead you? No one will come to *your* funeral!' Queer boast, especially when one guesses the kind of funeral that will be theirs. It is, though, a pity that the year's most histrionic clash should also queer a fine chance of recent events hitting the eye like a tomato.

Contemporary history is in a way provided by the six-weeks 'Beat Square and Cool' season at the National Film Theatre. Two notable films shown to the Press represent the New York independents and the beat generation. These are John Cassavetes's *Shadows* (12-14 July) and Jack Kerouac's *Pull My Daisy* (15-17 July). Both are behaviourist, locational, improvised as in a jazz session; and the results though different, twang the nerves with a new tune. The first mingles white and Negro in a sad, dramatic way; the second is poetic and funny. These films, to be followed by others long and short, introduce to us America's new wave. Our own, of course, marked with an 'X', has brought up the sewage on the beach.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

La Bohème, at Covent Garden

The highlight of the closing weeks of the season has been the return of Victoria de los Angeles. If her Manon was not entirely satisfying, the fault is partly Massenet's; her Mimi was a triumph. De los Angeles fleetingly suggests too gracious and uncomplicated a person for the shy little seamstress, but in every other respect her assumption is ideal. Her creation of character through vocal line and colour, word and gesture, is irresistible, even when as on Saturday her high notes are not completely assured. For most of the evening she sang very softly, yet in the *Barrière d'enfer* scene she rose effortlessly from the pathos of the eavesdropping to the nostalgic exaltation of the closing duet. André Turp's Rodolpho was ardently and sensitively sung, and Ronald Lewis's Schaunard was the best of the other Bohemians. In Act II Edward Downes was an over-complaisant accompanist, though his conducting elsewhere maintained a fine balance between strength and sentiment. The Café Momus act needs a firm producer's hand. And why is Marcello allowed to disturb the magic of Act III's close? With its 300th Covent Garden performance coming up, Puccini's masterpiece is surely due for a new production.

P.J.B.

New Day Theatre Company, at the Tower

London is hard for a West Indian actor, but he can't earn a living in the West Indies. So Lloyd Reckord's company must succeed, but not by collecting praise given as charity. The two one-act plays by Derek Walcott, seen at the Royal Court last Sunday, reveal Reckord as an inexperienced producer. The first play, *Sea at Dauphin*, looks amateurish – the kind of play to bring joy to West Indian school teachers – but talented; the second play, *Six in the Rain*, is worth a trip to Canonbury, where it can be seen throughout next week. Whereas most West Indian writing is superficially exotic but based on conventional forms, *Six in the Rain* strikes me as genuinely indigenous (the kind of play West Indian dramatists are always *talking* about), a kind of West Indian Noh play. Rewarding in spite of the production.

K.J.

Galileo, at the Mermaid

None of the drama critics seems to have written about the music in Brecht's *Life of Galileo*. Hanns Eisler's music, which is deservedly given prominent billing by the Mermaid Theatre, is an essential part of the effect. The 14 numbers of the score are tactful and to the point. The archaisms of Protestant chorale and baroque figuration are neatly integrated with Eisler's familiar melodic types. A point for the curious: the touching E flat major-minor flute melody of the fourth number was also used by Eisler in his film music for Alan Resnais's concentration camp requiem, *Night and Fog*. The music is recorded (as in the Schiffbauerdamm Theatre) and the instrumentation for flute, clarinet and harpsichord is admirable for the purpose. But it is a great pity that we do not have the boys' voices which are such a striking feature of the Berlin production; they lend an air of fragility to these pentatonic and other modal melodies which the three women singers used in the Mermaid recording naturally miss. Also the ballad-singer needs a few lessons in declamation and the *discipline* of freedom.

D.D.

'To encourage the others'

ON TRIAL

"It is my misfortune to labour under the disadvantage of a popular and almost national prejudice . . . I am satisfied to find the time arrived when I have an opportunity of proving my innocence before judges whose integrity is so much above corruption that I am at once secured from being borne down by popular clamour, or crushed beneath the weight of an overbearing power . . . The only reason pretended for the dismission from my command was retreating from an inferior force. Gentlemen, I shall manifest beyond all contradiction that a superior force retreated from me. I cannot help observing that I perhaps am the first Commander-in-Chief whose disgrace has proceeded from so unfortunate a mistake."

These words are a quotation from the defence of Admiral Byng at his trial in 1756 on board H.M.S. St. George in Portsmouth Harbour for his failure to relieve Minorca, which was taken by the French. The trial will be re-enacted on Independent Television on Friday next 22 July at 9.35, in a programme produced by Granada T.V.

Correspondence

MINTOFF IN DUDGEON

SIR, – Freedom fighters in Malta are grateful to your Commonwealth Correspondent for conceding that independence will perhaps have to be the final solution for Malta. Indeed neither he nor any other British official or commentator has been able during the past 30 months to think of any other proposal which would adequately safeguard the interests of my people.

It is, nevertheless, misleading to your readers and unworthy of the best traditions of your Socialist weekly to state that the long negotiations on union with Britain were broken off mainly over a small sum of money. The integration plan was debased by the Tories into a hybrid political monster, having federal features from the neck upwards and resembling an independent state from the chest downwards.

Whilst the Tory government offered to 'honour' the loyal Maltese people with three seats in the House of Commons they refused to integrate the Maltese economy (hence social services etc) into the much larger and wealthier British unit. Thus the brave George Cross Island instead of becoming a shop-window for British democracy was planned to develop into no more than a British imperial back-yard where second-class British citizens could attend, out of sight, to the dirty linen of the imperial legions promoting British trade with the Middle East and guarding British security.

Three characteristic British acts finally persuaded the Maltese Labour Party to throw overboard, without the slightest regret or hesitation, the unstinted efforts spent in three years of prolonged and acrimonious negotiations. In chronological order they were: (1) the decision to close down the Maltese naval ship-repairing yards without a serious attempt at providing a substitute for this mainstay of the Maltese national economy; (2) the unilateral reduction by the British government of the contributions payable by Britain as compensation for defence facilities; (3) the grabbing of the Maltese police force by Major General Laycock, C in C of all British forces in Malta, as soon as peaceful demonstrations of protest broke out in Valetta.

The reporting by your correspondent of more recent events is even more slanted. That Mr Macleod came to Malta six months ago is an undeniable fact. What is also undeniable, however, is the other fact that Macleod created the boycott of himself by refusing to discuss, much less to negotiate, a new constitution. He merely wanted to listen. I hope your readers will not blame us for having spared ourselves the humiliation of talking to ourselves in public.

Lord Perth's visit this month was just as absurd in character. According to your correspondent his aim was 'to try to find the means for creating a new agreed constitution'. Lord Perth's own version was somewhat different: the best method at arriving at a Maltese representative government. The Maltese Labour Party answered both interpretations in writing. The best way to arrive at a constitution acceptable by the majority of the Maltese people is either by holding a referendum under international supervision or by holding general elections for a constituent assembly which would have the explicit task of formulating a constitution.

Whichever method is adopted, however, the exercise would be futile unless the British government were to agree openly and unequivocally to the right of self-determination by the Maltese people. By refusing to accept this fundamental principle, Lord Perth has once more revealed the true nature of the approaches made to us by the Colonial Office. Moreover Lord Perth refused point-blank to negotiate or discuss a new constitution. He performed a suave delaying tactic which might fool unenlightened members of the Opposition in the House of Commons, but which has tricked no serious-minded person in Malta. Not even, as your correspondent erroneously reports, our powerful ally, the General Workers' Union, who promptly refused to discuss political matters with Lord Perth and confined their remarks to the economic sector, namely the cock-eyed British five-year development plan for Malta.

DOM MINTOFF

Olives
Tarxien
Malta

THIS NANNY!

SIR, – Your film critic, William Whitebait, should take the trouble to check information before publishing an article as inaccurate, misleading and out of date as that under the title of 'This Nanny!' in your issue of 9 July. The British Board of Film Censors is always open to criticism, as any censorship body must be, but critics should know the facts. The article in the current issue of *Encounter* which has inspired Mr Whitebait's attack, is also based on inaccurate information and the editor of that journal is publishing in his next issue an article in which I have made this clear. In the meantime I must correct at least the more damaging inaccuracies in your critic's article as follows:

1) Referring to the fact that the President of the Board, Sir Sidney Harris, will 'soon' be replaced by Lord Morrison of Lambeth – a change that took place over a month ago, as Mr Whitebait would have known if he had read the national press – he writes: 'But what difference will that make so long as fundamental attitudes that persisted for 47 years remain?' Does he seriously imagine that *Room At The Top* or *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (to quote only two examples) would have been passed by the Board 47 years ago, or even ten or five years ago? The climate of public opinion has changed and the Board's policy has reflected this. Even Mr Hill admits this.

2) In quoting examples of the Board's stupidities Mr Whitebait gives only one example of a decision taken later than 1939, which is 21 years ago, and this single exception is incorrect! Michael Croft's *Spare The Rod* was never rejected by the Board: the company was merely told that as scripted it might qualify for an 'X' certificate and therefore decided to abandon the project.

3) In quoting – inaccurately – from Mr Hill's article certain principles alleged to be practised, though not admitted, by the Board, Mr Whitebait goes wildly astray. He claims that under present policy, censorship 'must always resist attack on authority' and that 'there is no objection to our viewing the results of self criticism from abroad, so long as we do not deeply criticise ourselves'. I challenge Mr Whitebait to produce any evidence of this, certainly within the last five years. If films of social or political comment are not made in this country, it is not because of censorship objections but because producers and distributors know from experience that such films are not generally popular with British audiences and produce smaller financial returns than purely entertainment films.

4) Still producing alleged policies of the Board, Mr Whitebait writes: 'Sex may be spicy but not argumentative, homosexuals must be funny, Christ cannot be represented on the screen unless powerful commercial interests insist (Ben Hur)' What is 'argumentative' sex? It sounds less attractive than the more normal variety. I had not realised that *Suddenly Last Summer* was a comedy. Christ has been represented on the screen in several pictures since the Board changed its policy about this some years ago, and I can only imagine that Mr Whitebait has not seen any of them.

His strongest indictment is given in the sentence 'The case against the present censorship is that it is politically antiquated, that it lowers standards, and exercises a crippling drag on the growth of a serious and healthy British cinema'. What does he mean by 'politically antiquated'? I can only imagine that he objects to an institution that is politically independent, as is the British Board of Film Censors. How does the present film censorship lower standards? Presumably by not insisting that every film should have a serious social purpose. Does it really 'exercise a crippling drag on the growth of a serious and healthy British cinema'? I do not think that there is a single film producer in this country who would agree with this.

He suggests that film censorship in this country might be abolished. In this I suggest that Mr Whitebait is completely irresponsible. The primary function of film censorship is the protection of children and there can be few thinking people who would consider this unreasonable or unnecessary. He might, of course, prefer some form of state censorship as exists in many other countries. I can only say that in France, where censorship of this kind exists, film makers are prevented by censorship from making films that attack authority and envy film makers in Britain for their freedom under completely independent censorship.

JOHN TREVELYAN
Secretary

British Board of Film Censors
3 Soho Square
W1

[William Whitebait writes: The 'inaccuracies' imputed by Mr Trevelyan are, if he will re-read my article, introduced by him. I *didn't* say that the change of president is coming soon; I *didn't* quote (or misquote) Mr Hill in my assertion of the Board's principles; I *didn't* ask for political censorship, quite the reverse; I *didn't* argue that

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

SOUTH WEST ESSEX
YOUTH AGAINST THE BOMB WEEK
PUBLIC MEETING
Sir James Hawkey Hall, Woodford, July 18, 7.30
JUDITH HART, MP
A. C. TORODE
Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Carthusian St., EC1

PROTEST AGAINST NUCLEAR BASES

BRIZE NORTON
Saturday, July 16
Picket: 11 a.m.
March: assembles 3 p.m.
Meeting: WITNEY 5 p.m.
Canon L. John Collins
Jacquetta Hawkes
John Ennals
Dr Antoinette Pirie

LONDON
Sunday, July 17, 3 p.m.
MEETING
Speakers' Corner, HYDE PARK
John Horner
Dr Donald Soper
Stephen Swingler, M.P.

Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Carthusian Street, EC1, CLE 5146

the Board's behaviour has not changed (after 29 years we were allowed to see *Potemkin*). What I did maintain is that, allowing for fashion, its fundamental attitude remains: what may be passed as entertainment must be denied at the deeper level of art or ideas. With one hand the Board looses a spate of tortures in horror films, with the other it excises such deterrent moments as death in the gas chamber in *I Want to Live* and the bulldozing of corpses in Resnais's *Night and Fog*. How does Mr Trevelyan justify this? – Ed. NS.]

LABOUR'S DEFENCE POLICY

SIR, – It is sadly ironical for Bertrand Russell to further his opposition to the nuclear deterrent in the Labour Party by advocating a policy of nuclear deterrence towards the party itself.

During the last ten years I have, from time to time, given what support I could to the minority of my contituency party that opposed such things as German rearmament, secret disciplinary tribunals, Clause four revision, the nuclear deterrent. Each crisis has witnessed the operation of the same sanction that Lord Russell proposes now, by fellow-members who, because the few cannot at once impose their will upon the many, resign and leave the diminished minority to carry on the struggle without them.

If Bertrand Russell, and others of comparable stature, would descend from their ivory lighthouses and exert their talents within the party, they would learn that the triumph of a good principle is brought about, not by those who die for it – physically or politically – but by those who live for it. A moment's martyrdom is a tempting gesture, but it is the patient and tedious years of unpopularity that get the results.

E. H. CAMPION

8 Lawn Crescent
Kew Gardens
Richmond, Surrey

SIR, – I do not know whether the Labour Party's new statement on defence is, as you claim, the 'best attainable compromise'. Perhaps it is. But surely, bearing in mind what is involved, the important question is whether it is a practicable defence policy.

It seems to many of us to have three fatal defects. First, having correctly ascribed the inability of the United Nations to guarantee the security of its members to the division of the world into rival blocs and having recognized the acute dangers of the consequent arms race and the precarious balance of power, it makes no proposals for bringing this state of affairs to an end: instead, the whole policy is based upon the assumption that it will continue. If it continues, catastrophe is inevitable. A policy resting on a continuation of the 'acute dangers of the arms race' and a 'precarious balance of power' does not become less dangerous by calling it 'collective security', of which it is indeed the exact antithesis.

Secondly, the declaration expressly accepts nuclear deterrent strategy for the western alliance (Nato), in which we are to perform our full obligations. It is at last admitted that Britain can never be an independent nuclear power and that a collective European 'deterrent' is equally unattainable. The consequence is frankly acknowledged, that in the West only the US shall manufacture or possess nuclear weapons of any kind. Yet it has always been common ground that such a situation would be the most dangerous of all. Indeed, Mr Gaitskell has said that the only real justification of independent British nuclear weapons – if we had any – was precisely to prevent that very thing.

Thirdly, the declaration postulates a 'radical reform' of Nato so as to ensure (1) political control of these exclusive US nuclear weapons: (2) that they shall never be used first by the West: (3) that they shall never be used at all except after Nato approval; and (4) that our present 'perilous dependence' on them shall be reduced.

We are not told what our defence policy should be if this 'radical reform' is not achieved. Nor are we told how we are to achieve it. I can see no prospect whatever that America would accept any of these propositions nor any method whereby, in practice, control of the use of these weapons could effectively be removed from the generals to the politicians. Yet it is implicit in the statement, and has been admitted both by Mr Gaitskell and Mr Brown, that this whole new defence policy rests as much upon these postulates as upon any other requirement.

I do not know whether this 'compromise' will be accepted by the party. I am sure that its contradictions will cause it to break down as soon as it is put to any practical test. Then the party divisions will be wider than ever.

Anyhow, with whom are we trying to compromise? Labour opinion, industrial and political, has long ago crystallised and is, by a substantial margin, against the whole nuclear deterrent strategy. If those who differ were not firmly ensconced in the seat of authority, there would be no need to compromise at all.

SYDNEY SILVERMAN

House of Commons

BELEAGUERED IN MOSCOW

SIR, – In your issue of 4 June, Mr Francis Williams, writing at second hand, devoted most of his space to a discussion of certain irresponsibilities of the American press. At one point he shifts from the present into the past, stating:

> I must say I had not realised that, until comparatively recently, all the news Americans got from Moscow came from four correspondents, three of whom had wives who were Russian citizens.

May I enlighten you as to the present situation in Moscow regarding permanent English-speaking correspondents? During nine days spent there in April and early May I found myself in abrupt and grateful intimacy with this beleaguered group.

Three American papers are represented by permanent correspondents. The first of these is *New York Times*, represented by Osgood Caruthers, whose wife Rosemary is pure Middle Western. He is assisted by Max Frankel, whose wife, I believe, is not Russian. The second paper is the *Baltimore Sun*, represented by Peter Kumpa, whose wife Mimi is what we call an Eastern Shore Marylander. She has just enough Russian to get on with the maids. The third paper is the *New York Herald Tribune*, represented by Tom Lambert. If his wife Helen is Russian, then I am Chinese.

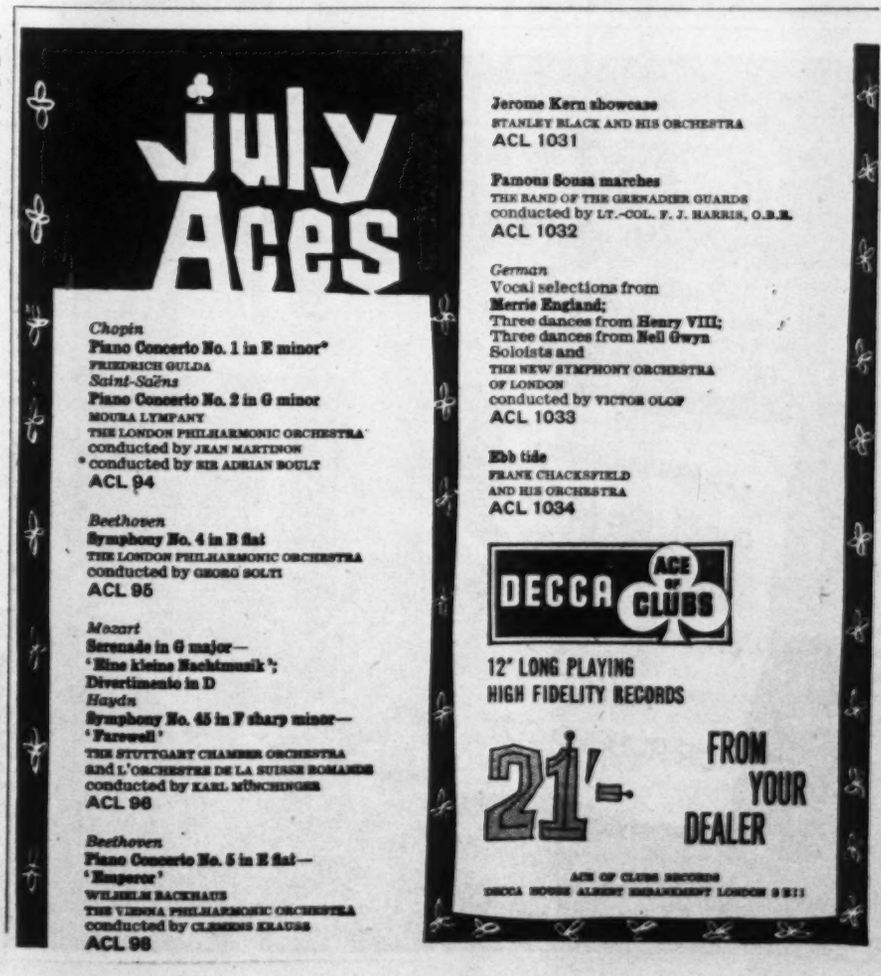
As to other publications, *Time* and *Life* magazines are represented by Edmund Stevens, whose wife Nina is of Russian birth, this source of strength having been fortified by an American education. *Life* is also represented by the eminent photographer and reporter Carl Mydans, whose wife Shelley is a well travelled American. Ernest Conine represents the McGraw-Hill group of American business publications, and his wife Phyllis is a former Washington debutante who was not reconciled to life in Russia until she had tracked down Moscow's best hairdresser.

The Associated Press is represented by Preston Grover and by a man-and-wife team, Stanley and Josephine Johnson. Mrs Johnson has an Alabama drawl that spreads like butter.

The United Press International is represented by the veteran Henry Shapiro, plus a young lady who had been previously assigned to the UPI Los Angeles Bureau.

As for permanent representatives of English newspapers: there is none to represent *The Times*, none to represent the *Telegraph*, none to represent the *Guardian*. It is my impression that one of the popular papers has a man there, but I did not meet him. Reuters has Robert Elphick and a new assistant.

One or two English-speaking defectors and Communists lurk about, doing some journalism. They complete the list of those regularly accredited who must funnel their work through the censorship.



It is hardly necessary to add that there is a steady procession of trained seals and free-lancers who drop in out of the sky, make new contacts and brush up old ones, and pop out again in a matter of days or weeks.

PHILIP M. WAGNER
Editor

The Baltimore Sun

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – Yvonne Brock is right to include herself in the assertion 'we are all woefully ignorant of the subject of homosexuality'. It is indeed woefully ignorant, and certainly lacking in any imagination, to suggest that homosexuals be treated as 'psychologically sick persons'.

The fact is that homosexuals, male or female, are happy in their love relations, do not feel they are 'sick', and know very well that 'nature' is not nearly so rigid as many people want to think. To homosexuals their state is not in the least tragic; they are as they are, and they do not want to be different.

If the law were altered, Yvonne Brock would know no difference (she probably meets homosexuals every day and perhaps has no idea of it); the danger of exhibitionism which the law excites in certain types of individual, would be diminished; promiscuity, equally prevalent in heterosexuals, would not necessarily increase, and those who are at present quietly living their lives as they wish to live, would be released from the menace of blackmail and imprisonment.

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place, SW10

SIR, – I should like to support the very sensible letter by Yvonne Brock. Homosexuality is undoubtedly a neurosis. The *ex cathedra* statements by Mr Edward Hyams and Mr Maurice Richardson are not based on clinical experience and so are of little value. I have been interested in sexual abnormality for the past 25 years and 20 years ago wrote in a book (*The Sexual Perversions and Abnormalities*): 'It must be accepted on the basis of clinical experience that the homosexual has usually had some abnormal childhood . . . the family life of the potential homosexual as a child may show that he had a father who was quite unsuitable: the drunkard or brutal type of father who ill-treats the mother is very common. Much less common is the child who has had the loss of its mother or an unsuitable mother.'

This abnormal upbringing is the one sure fact we know about homosexuality. Those who believe that it is inborn must explain why it occurs in this particular environment.

There is no doubt that homosexuality is curable by psychotherapy since a large number of reliable psychiatrists, both here and in America, have recorded series of successful cures. I have never known any harm result from psychotherapy, nor are there any cases showing this in the medical literature.

The best insurance policy against one's child becoming a homosexual is to give it a happy home. It should have a chance of knowing, loving and respecting its parents, particularly that parent of the same sex. If he or she dies, or is lost by divorce or some other cause, every effort should be made to replace him or her by remarriage or a kindly relative.

CLIFFORD ALLEN

148 Harley Street, W1

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – As a young Elizabethan, still receiving a grammar school education, may I comment on Mr Kaye's suggestions for the improving of educational standards (NS 2 July).

I question the 'supremacy' of the virtue of effectiveness. Although no doubt the method of terrifying a child into literacy was effective, I hardly feel it is a method to be encouraged. Mr Kaye regards literacy as an end in itself – a false assumption. The end of literacy, surely, is to enable people to read and enjoy it, to benefit from reading. But Mr Kaye's method is very likely to give people an aversion to reading; so what is the purpose of it all?

Why save nine tenths of 'the fantastic public cost' by teaching children to read by such a method that they come to regard it as an odious task associated with punishment, and in fact then read nothing worthwhile ever after? If people come to think of reading as a drudge to be avoided, they will not read for pleasure, nor benefit, and thus the purpose of literacy is lost. We may as well save the final tenth by not teaching reading at all.

Mr Kaye need hardly say he is Victorian in outlook and attitude; his sneering 'so long as they're happy . ' makes the fact only too obvious. Education and social responsibility can be encouraged by other means than 'eternal vigilance and uncommonly heavy hands'. But Mr Kaye prefers what he calls 'the Victorian' attitude, setting a social and educational standard in the form of a line, to fall below which is to be punished, not a level whose attainment is praiseworthy and leads to the general happiness and convenience. This attitude encourages neither thought, nor much reading in the life-after-school, from what I observe of those who received Mr Kaye's kind of education.

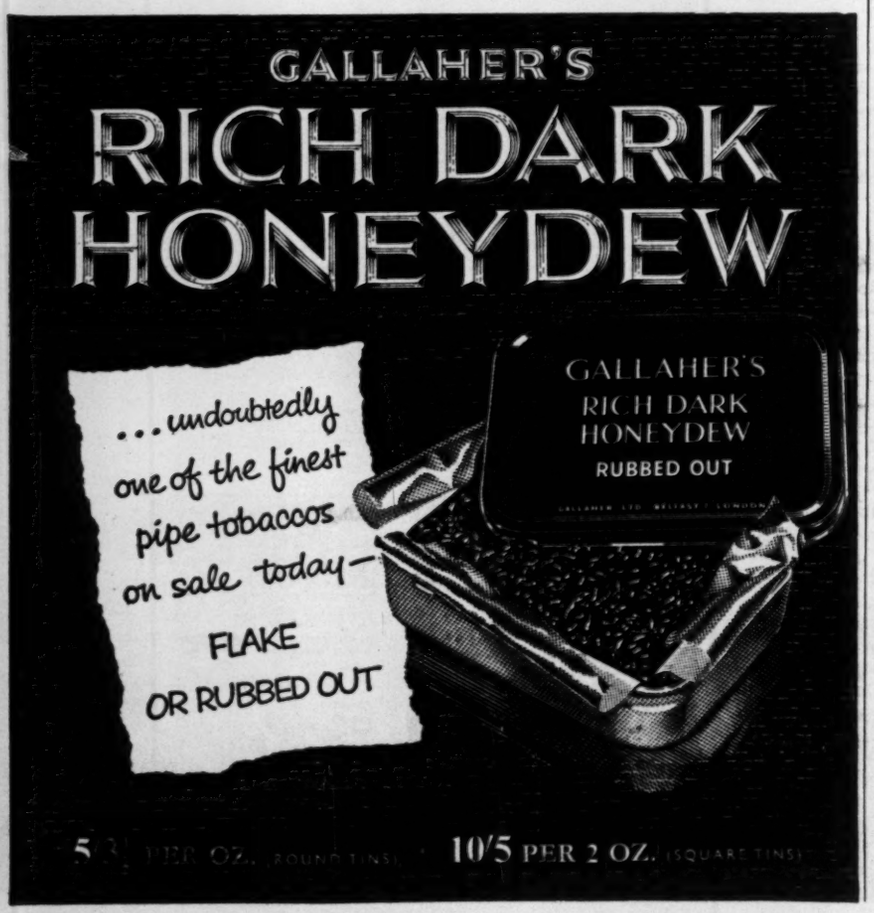
A. R. WESTON

35 Queen's Park Drive
Airdale
Castleford, Yorks

STILL WATERS

SIR, – That must indeed have been very good whisky if Ronald Blythe thought he was getting into the Flying Scotsman at night, or thought it was night when he was getting into the Flying Scotsman.

FRANK DAWTRY



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Africa — 1960

2 — The Political Changes

THE outcome of this week's tragic experience in the Congo may determine whether African states will in future accept democracy on the European model. In any case, the rising spotlights the gravest mistake which can be made by alien rulers in Africa. A policy of reluctant, grudging and tardy concessions to the development of self-government dangerously menaces the safety of white and black alike. 'Too little and too late' is a tragic epitaph on the head-stone of what the Belgians claimed to be a model colonialism. The paternalism which, while granting certain economic opportunities, still kept white and black apart, denied all political experience, avoided training Africans as administrators and prevented them from taking any form of responsibility or power, is now pitiably exposed as an abdication of real responsibility.

Once it is accepted - as it now must be - that Africans, like all other peoples, are going to govern themselves, the test of all policy is how it helps or hinders them in the task of developing good government. The requirements of government – politicians, civil servants, disciplined military and police forces – have never been visualised by the Belgians as any concern of Africans. Thus independence was granted to the Congo without any proper provision for carrying on an African Congo government. In the four grades of the civil service, for instance, there were 9,759 Europeans to only 638 Africans; only three Africans had entered any of the three top grades; in the *Force Publique*, all the commissioned officers were Belgians. Indeed, in their reluctance to give M. Lumumba, the only man capable of unifying his people, the chance of forming a government, and in their manoeuvres to back his rival, M. Kasavubu, the Belgian administration, right up to the eve of independence, seemed to be tacitly encouraging the forces of tribal and provincial separatism.

What lessons does this sad example offer for other territories? The French and British have left recognisable administrations in those territories from which they have so far withdrawn their authority. In each of them, Africans have developed their own political parties and policies, had some training in the civil service, begun to serve as military officers and in the higher ranks of the police force, been introduced into the legal profession. Yet all this leaves no room for complacency. Neither the French territories nor the British West African territories have been bedevilled by the demands of large European settler communities.

The real test of whether the Congo lesson has been learnt will come in Kenya, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In each of these territories political parties have been formed, but have been frequently harried and banned by the colonial administration. Some Africanisation has taken place, but slowly and hesitantly. Demands are constantly made by the African politicians for independence now. Maybe African leaders do not always expect in private what they have to demand in public, and maybe they realise that the unifying force of colonial rule is necessary for them until they have developed national cohesion and trained personnel; but unless the imperial power now explicitly asserts self-government and independence as an early objective, orderly political evolution will be soured. Majority African representation is now an essential and immediate condition if African patience is to be stretched to wait for independence during a reasonable period of progressive training and takeover.

Thus the lesson of the Congo for British administration must be that constitutional reform is urgently and immediately needed in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to give the Africans a genuine degree of responsibility for the affairs of their countries. If it is not quickly offered, all future hope of peaceful evolution will be gone. Meanwhile it has become the direct responsibility of the Colonial Office to convince local white settlers that African self-government is coming and that they must come to terms with it. Neglect of this duty must sacrifice the security of the white community itself. Elsewhere, in Southern Rhodesia, the Portuguese territories and South Africa, continued refusal to recognise that the Africans are destined to govern themselves can only lead to an eventual repetition of the Congo tragedy on a larger scale.

Timing the Hand-over

It is true that, given the backlog of educational neglect and administrative discrimination, it is not in the interests of African good government simply to hand over colonial power whenever an African politician demands it from a public platform. Some degree of national organisation, public experience, and trained personnel is essential to give African states an opportunity to retain any form of cohesion. It may even be valuable to maintain colonial rule for a time purely as the barrier capable of uniting African national sentiment in a collective effort to break it down – an experience never known in the Congo. But it does not – and cannot – follow from this that self-government will be granted only when the colonial government considers its wards fit to govern themselves. It is essential to establish confidence between the colonial government and the indigenous leaders – a confidence based on acceptance of the proposition that self-government and independence are coming swiftly and that it is in everyone's interest for the human and material resources to be quickly prepared to sustain it. Ghana, Nigeria and the French Community states prove that this is possible.

The form which such self-government takes depends heavily on the kind of African political organisations which develop during the transitional period. Is it yet possible to discern any common pattern in the development of African political life? The slogan 'one man – one vote' has swept the continent; it lends itself to chanting voices; it is simple and uninhibited to the unenfranchised; it sweeps away all the complications of 'fancy franchises,' multiple voting, literacy and wealth qualifications – indeed the whole conception of racial privilege. It is currently the rallying cry of democratic ambition – yet it has its dangers. The principle of 'one man – one vote' has been developed in mature, literate societies. It has been adopted with success in India, as well as in some semi-illiterate or even illiterate communities. Yet it brings with it certain serious risks where the masses are illiterate or lack political experience. The power to be gained through organised electoral support encourages various methods of electioneering. Bribery and intimidation are the most obvious. It may be argued that every nation goes through this stage on its way to democracy; but this does not lessen its present ill effects. Once political power comes to depend on either money bags or the threat of force, it becomes little more than a rubber stamp for political control by the rich or unscrupulous.

There is a more subtle danger which can arise from illiterate universal suffrage in a new state, and particularly in one recently released from colonial status. The paramount necessity is usually for strong government. Once the forces of the colonial power are removed, along with the unifying influence of militant opposition to colonialism, there is a tendency for internal divisions, with the danger of a relapse into chaos. New and inexperienced ministers and their administrators naturally find it more difficult to control this trend without resort to strong action. The example of colonial government has so often taught them the way. The new executive is usually composed of men to whom the preservation of an ordered state is all important. As ministers they have access to information which may well lead them to recognise dangers not apparent to their public. The legislators, on the other hand, are drawn from a much wider background; many of them will no doubt, have gained their position through agitation and demagogy rather than through administrative experience. The result may well be a growing separation between executive and legislature. This tendency is already appearing in several parts of Africa. It leads to strengthening of governmental powers at the expense of the legislators and it may even, as in the case of the Sudan, result in the establishment of a military autocracy.

The same causes tend to produce an inclination towards the one-party state. Organised opposition to the government party which has led the country into independence, is easily identified with treason. Such developments, however, should not lead to the assumption that, where single-party systems develop, opposition disappears. Ghana is showing an example of this trend. Before independence, the opposition to Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party had resisted the new constitution as a whole and had demanded a federal state, which it believed would offer better opportunities for its own political influences. Violent outbreaks between the two sides had been common for 18 months prior to Independence Day. The masses, who had expected Utopia immediately colonial rule was removed, quickly became disappointed. The newly independent CPP government determined that what they saw as a threat, not just to their party or government, but to the whole state must not be allowed to develop. The opposition, therefore, has been roughly handled and, under the Preventive Detention Act, a number of its leading members have

been held without charge or trial. Nevertheless, opposition continues as a lively force in Ghana.

Two contrasts to these developments in Ghana are to be seen in West Africa, the first in Guinea and the second in Nigeria. The state of Guinea could hardly have begun its independent life in more depressing circumstances. As the only nation to break out of de Gaulle's Community, it felt the full force of French spite. Development projects were halted, capital removed, and even records destroyed. The necessity for strong government to prevent complete collapse could hardly have been stronger. M. Sekou Touré emerged as a man capable of handling the situation, but he was forced to adopt the theory of centralised single-party democracy and to put it into practice by merging the opposition party with his own. He had to look for capital and economic aid wherever he could find it, so that today there are buses from Hungary in the streets of Conakry, bulldozers from Czechoslovakia in the countryside, and French cigarettes are lighted by Russian matches. The Chinese advise on collective rice farms, while a variety of economic and military missions compete for the ear of the appropriate minister. All this is an understandable and perhaps necessary expedient, nor has it prevented Sekou Touré from seeking aid in the United States and western Europe; but there is so far little sign of M. Touré's achieving his stated ambition of developing a democratic state, or of the comparatively benign rule of Dr Nkrumah. The secret trials, the People's Courts, alleged plots, forced labour and death sentences suggest an intolerance of opposition which may so easily follow single-party caucus government.

The contrast in Nigeria is marked. This huge country, whose 40 million people constitute about a fifth of the entire population of the continent, will become independent on 1 October. After a certain degree of upheaval the Nigerians decided that the best way of governing their country was to allow it to revert for purposes of government into its three component regions, each with its own government and parliament, together with a federal government in Lagos. The regions and the federation alike are led by experienced politicians. Each of the three main parties, the Northern People's Congress, led by the Sardauna of Sokota, Dr Azikiwe's National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, and Dr Awolowo's Action Group, have all fought each other in both regional and federal elections, though the two former have since formed a coalition within the federal government. The status of these three leaders and the organised strength of their parties makes it unthinkable that a single-party system will develop in Nigeria.

West Africa is mainly homogeneous in population and both here and in most of the territories of the French Community, political systems can develop uncomplicated by the racial issue. In the multi-racial territories of East and Central Africa, however, race contact plays a great part in influencing African political development. Its effect is superimposed on the tribal rivalries which in Nigeria encouraged the regional system and in Ghana were responsible for the division between the CPP and the opposition. In most of these territories an attempt has been made to draw both from the experience of western European political parties and from the pre-independence nationalist movement of India. Thus in Tanganyika and the three territories of the Central African Federation, united political movements were organised with the simple objective of gaining democratic rights and national independence.

Since the pre-Mau Mau days of the Kenya African Union, this has never been achieved in Kenya – partly because of the hostility of the government to national organisations and partly because of inter-tribal and personal rivalries. Similarly in Uganda, suspicions between the various provinces, added to the division of outlook between the traditionalists and the modernists, has prevented the growth of a single nationalist movement. The ex-Belgian Congo shows the divisive influence of tribalism at its most extreme.

It is early to guess at the kind of political systems which will emerge in these territories when the African has gained control. It seems probable that once again Tanganyika will set an example, for its nationalist movement, having gained self-confidence, has been able to bring into association with it the European and Asian organisations. Julius Nyerere is certainly a stout adherent of the British parliamentary system and has already had the courage to insist that democracy brings with it the responsibility of rooting out corruption. It seems probable that, once self-government is well under way, rival parties will develop amongst the Africans – a tendency which Nyerere himself might welcome. Indeed, the very success of Nyerere and his TANU presents a problem. With virtually no opposition in sight, how is parliamentary government to function? May it not be necessary to devise some form of committee system in the first place as a substitute for a two-party system?

If all goes well in Tanganyika this could have a profound effect on developments in Kenya and Central Africa. The Africans in Kenya are finding it much more difficult to achieve a common front, their aims being more strongly opposed by the European community, most of which is frightened of the example of Tanganyika. Uganda will have to solve its feudal and regional conflicts, but again will be influenced by the Tanganyikan lead. It is not too much to expect that within a few years these three East African territories will find it convenient and constructive to form some federal link, stronger than the East African High Commission, capable of sustaining a common development. Such a link would also be attractive to an African Nyasaland. Here the danger is that the passion aroused by the nationalist movement's head-on clash last year with the colonial and federal governments may well have aggravated the already apparent tendency towards intolerance of opposition. In any form of majority rule, Nyasaland is almost certain to develop a one-party system in the first instance. Its association with East Africa is its best chance of avoiding permanence of such a system.

The Future of the Rhodesias

It is much more difficult to speculate about the future of the Rhodesias. In the north, a bitter battle is imminent as the Africans demand the same rights as their brothers in Nyasaland and the strongly entrenched European copper community roughly resists any such development. It may be, however, that the divisions and lack of organisation, which have prevented Northern Rhodesian Africans from gaining the same influence as the Congress did in Nyasaland, will also prevent single-party government.

In Southern Rhodesia, the African organisation has a long furrow to plough before it even begins to crack the white domination of politics. Its future character will depend largely on the form of this struggle with the whites. At present, parliamentary government, even though almost entirely confined to the white aristocracy, is accepted by the African leadership. But already the new African party has been so influenced by events elsewhere as to raise its demands to the objective of complete African government.

While, therefore, it is not yet possible to discern any common feature of African political thought, the factors determining future political systems are already at work. They will also be strongly influenced by the widespread African ambition to establish closer association between their communities, once European rule has disappeared. This was seen in the declaration of union between Ghana and Guinea; it has been followed in the federation of Senegal and the Soudan in the new state of Mali; the French Congo, the Central African Republic and Chad have formed an Equatorial Union, with Gabon as an associate; the three British East African territories tentatively envisage some form of common association; even in Central Africa, where the present white-dominated and white-imposed federation is universally detested by the Africans, once African government is established, there will be a search for association either together or with East Africa. This trend towards federalism, union and completely new forms of association, will not only re-shape the frontiers of Africa; it will quickly become a powerful factor in determining the form of government in each constituent state.

These political forms must also be strongly influenced by the economic foundations which can be laid. An independent Nyasaland for instance, in present circumstances would require strong central government, probably based on a single-party, if the standard of

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living of its peasant people were to be raised. On the other hand, the copper of Northern Rhodesia would allow much more argument and opposition in determining how wealth can best be used to give, not only the copperbelt workers, but the subsistence producers as well, hope of better lives.

The Sense of Community

Although forms of government in Africa and elsewhere will be deeply affected by these economic foundations, there are other influences which should not be neglected when analysing how the political structures are likely to develop. Europe, America, the Communist countries and Asia are all playing their part in Africa. There is, however, a separate and new factor which may well be the strongest influence of all. Much of African history is still obscure. As new studies are made, the old theory that African society was always primitive and barbarous until the coming of the Europeans is being exploded. What is certainly known is that traditional African politics have their own content of democratic spirit. Most tribalisms, for instance, though bowing to the superior wisdom of the elders and sometimes heavily depending on the leadership of a Chief, are nevertheless essentially based on the will of the people. This is not normally expressed in a party system. It comes nearer to the Quakers' view of 'the sense of the meeting.' Socially, too, the tribe has a highly developed sense of community in which each member plays an essential part and the good of the whole tribe is always greater than that of the individual.

It may be, then, that this community-sense can be linked to other democratic ideas taken from other countries. The central question is whether Africa can preserve its cohesion as a community and, at the same time, combine with it that sense of the importance of the individual personality which is the most vital product of western Europe.

By the end of 1960 the continent of Africa will have become as important an influence in international relations as is Asia. Together the two can be expected increasingly to dominate international discussions. What outlook will these new African states take towards their foreign policy? What will be the objectives of their international relations?

The first essential in understanding the African outlook to the rest of the world is to recognise that Africans are simply not concerned with the Cold War. They consider this to be purely a European quarrel. Thus any attempt from either side to enrol Africa in the Cold War is foredoomed to failure. The new African states, together with most of those already established, are concerned to see a genuine international community, respecting international law. They are looking for economic aid through international agencies without strings or conditions. They hope to see international organisations used to destroy colour prejudice, racial distrimination and the threat of war. They will have little patience with legalistic arguments designed to prove, for instance, that South Africa's *apartheid* policy must not be voted on at the United Nations.

Though uninterested in the Cold War, the African is perfectly willing to take advantage of the opportunities which it offers him. The continent desperately needs tremendous capital resources with which to start basic development. American and western European capital are anxiously sought, although the political strings tied to it are keenly resented. The increase in Russian productivity and the highly competitive loans now beginning to be offered by the Kremlin are accepted in the same sceptical spirit; but in so far as they do not have strings, they may rapidly increase in importance.

Although he is ready to take advantage of this competitive by-product of the Cold War, the African is ever more sensitive to what he considers the danger of neo-colonialism. He is, in fact, in a dilemma. He realises the need to secure external capital if he is to provide the foundations of a rising standard of living; yet he constantly fears that the provision of such capital is the 20th-century equivalent of 19th-century imperialism. He looks hopefully towards international agencies such as the United Nations Economic Commission for Africa; yet at the same time, he finds in practice that the administrative costs of international aid take a much larger slice of the total than did the older imperialist system.

The African Personality

The African is determined to create for himself the image of the 'African personality' in international affairs. At present he sees the form of this image only dimly. Before he can achieve it, he must find confidence, self-respect and dignity, qualities which have been sorely undermined by the imperialist era. Yet Africans all over the continent look with pride on the international activities of men like Kwame Nkrumah and Sekou Touré. Even Nasser has sometimes been considered as an African representative, repelling the unwarranted interference of non-Africans. Now other names are being added to the African international team – Nyerere, Mboya, Banda, Senghor from Mali, Abubakar from Nigeria, Kaunda from Northern Rhodesia, and there will be many others. The African expects his representatives to express something specifically African, distinct from the conflicts of the non-African world.

The weakness in this effort is the danger of internal conflict within the continent between the competing ambitions of newly independent African states. Already West Africa is the scene of competition for leadership. Ghana had a long start as the first black ex-colony to become independent and take her place in international councils. She was thus recognised, together with Guinea, as the first genuine African voice. The Ghanaians have been making a determined effort to consolidate this position, but they are now becoming somewhat isolated. There have indeed been signs of considerable opposition to the Ghana-Guinea claims. Senghor from Mali, together with Olympio and Houphouet-Boigny, the pro-French leader from the Ivory Coast, and the Nigerians are all at one in this negative resistance to Nkrumah and Sekou Touré. After Nigerian independence in October the manoeuvring for power will become more intense.

Tunisia and the UAR still have no diplomatic relations with each other, while Ethiopia is suspiciously watching the development of the Somali Republic on its borders. Relations between certain African leaders in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are far from happy and the future relations between the ex-Belgian Congo and other African nations are still to be determined. There has too, been a recent move towards tribal solidarity among the Masai across the borders of Kenya and Tanganyika, which offers some threat to the growth of both nation states.

Nevertheless, in spite of these internal tensions within the continent, it is remarkable that so far no serious breaches have occurred. The division within the French African territories, moreover, as to whether they should link as federations and become independent within the Community or maintain a closer federal form of link with France, has now been decisively settled by Houphouet-Boigny's sudden and dramatic conversion to independence – further evidence of the effect of continental opinion on local policy. Even in the trade union field, where rival conferences of African trade unions were recently held simultaneously in Accra and Lagos, compromise is being sought. The fact is that at the present stage Pan-Africanism is a stronger impulse than any form of national rivalry. This continental spirit may face its greatest test in trying to hold the Congo together. Once colonialism disappears, the frontiers drawn by the European imperialists may well be rubbed out, new forms of association may develop, new leaders may emerge and the existing balance of power may shift substantially.

Yet the paramount influence at present is the Pan-Africanism which Kwame Nkrumah reflects in his constant advocacy of a United States of Africa. If the Africans can avoid falling into too great a consciousness of their different tribal rivalries and linguistic traditions, they may yet show an example of inter-continental unity hitherto unknown in the other continents. How this will be achieved, what forms of government it may involve, in what ways it will affect the lives of 230 million people in the continent, can only be a matter of speculation. What is certain is that the unity of Africa would have a profound effect on the whole of the rest of the world.

African Contrasts

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DOBSON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Morgan in a Mirror

For over 30 years I was acquainted with Charles Morgan, meeting him at parties, in clubs, on committees. But during all those years I think I spent only one half-hour alone with him, and that was a prolonged casual encounter in a club when we both had a little time to kill. We were probably like a cat and dog accidentally sharing the same hearth rug. The point I am making is that we were never friends, although we were both members of the First War generation and had fought in that war, came along as writers at the same time, moved in largely the same world.

He always gave me the impression – at least, during the Thirties – that he was sharply conscious of the fact that I was a popular writer, one whose name was known in the streets. It was as if a very successful music-hall comic and an old-fashioned Shakespearean actor were meeting. He was, I fancy, always too conscious of audiences, their size, quality, status. I remember, during that pink-gin half-hour, he told me gravely that some pieces I was writing for a newspaper then were a mistake. I said I was saying in them things I wanted to say, so why were they a mistake? He then explained that he was thinking in terms of my literary career, of 'being buried in Westminster Abbey', he added lightly. I said that I didn't give a damn where I was buried. He then turned the talk to Women, as if we were two minor characters in a drawing-room comedy of the Nineties, hoping between us to hatch out an epigram.

I am not given to thinking about contemporary writers in terms of literary careers. We seem to me to live in the wrong age for such thinking. If and when the world stops looking like a madhouse crammed with explosives, there will be time to consider whether Smith is Out and Jones is In, whether Brown is Going Up and Robinson Going Down. But there can be no doubt that Morgan cared a great deal about this kind of thing – he was very much the Writer, to be photographed at his desk in his study – and it is ironical that his career and reputation should seem to most of us so ambiguous, so puzzling.

For example, why no title, no honour? He was no enemy of these things. He had a handsome presence, and in full evening dress he would have done credit to any ribbon that the Crown would have graciously allowed him to wear. At a time when so many decorations were lavished upon actors and actresses that the Haymarket Theatre began to seem like an annex of Buckingham Palace, why didn't this name appear one morning high in the Honours List? He was an Establishment Author; he was for years the President of the International PEN; his works, as Macmillans tell us, have been translated into seventeen languages. Why not Sir Charles then – or even Lord Sparkenbroke? And let nobody imagine that these are jeering rhetorical questions. I am genuinely puzzled.

Then, what about his astonishing reputation among the French? Not only did they buy him, read him, discuss him, they organised societies of his friends. It is doubtful if any English novelist since Dickens has had such a following over there. And remember these are people who live on a cultural Saint Helena, who never mentioned Bernard Shaw until everybody else was tired of hearing about him. I can understand the French enjoying a much better English novelist, for sound literary reasons, or a much worse one, just for the hell of it; but why Morgan?

Then why, I ask myself, did I find, let us say, *Sparkenbroke* such an embarrassing novel, or the play *The Flashing Stream*, to which Agate devoted *two* enthusiastic notices, such an embarrassing evening in the theatre? This is the work of a reasonably intelligent, not insensitive, very conscientious writer, of a careful planner and experienced craftsman. Worse men, I truly believe, have been applauded by highbrow critics. Yet here is this embarrassment. It is as if some fatal element, not present in the planning of the work but released by the author as he carries out his plan, begins to poison our minds. Over the work, which may not be ignobly conceived, there is a moon-glimmer of silliness. It has a humourless and gravely self-approving tone; a faint but fatal suggestion of Malvolio communing with himself under the stars.

Let us see if these collected essays and addresses* yield any evidence of this flaw. In the first of them, he wants to discuss the point made to him by a terribly burned fighter pilot (probably Richard Hillary) that we are all potentially either Nazis or Communists. And this is how the discussion of it is introduced.

> . . . He came to dine at my house in London. Through all the bombardment, I had tried to preserve one amenity there: we dined by candlelight and an open fire; and I remember that, after dinner, we went upstairs, I with the decanter and he with the candelabra. I remember it because it was in the upstairs room, just after we had entered it, that he, standing in mid-floor with a candelabrum in each hand, said: 'Nowadays, wherever I go, I ask myself that question about everybody. At dinner, I was asking it about you.' For the moment I had lost his drift . . .

And we cannot help suspecting that his drift had been lost because our author, both at that moment and later when he came to write this address, was seeing himself, and enjoying this picture of himself, as the host who, even through the bombardments, dined by candlelight and an open fire.

Here is a typical passage from another piece:

> In popular speech the word *academic* has become, or is fast becoming, opprobrious. An 'academic discussion' is ordinarily thought of as being a discussion which not only arrives at no conclusion but is to be condemned for that reason; it does not occur to the untrained mind that an inconclusive discussion may be in itself valuable. The arrogance of the half-educated can, in the conditions of the modern world, be abruptly overbearing, and it is in the nature of this arrogance to refuse to acknowledge that there are unanswerable questions which are nevertheless worth asking. To ask such questions, to discuss them, to observe how many other questions are implicit in all the answers, or seeming answers, that thought may supply, and to be led by this process into an understanding that knowledge can lead us only into the foothills of wisdom, is to be in the strictest sense – that is to say, in the Socratic sense – 'academic'. The modern, popular mind will have none of this; it is, in Meredith's phrase, 'hot for certainties', and feels that any discussion which does not attain to certainty is a waste of time, 'unpractical', 'academic' . . .

The reference to Meredith is a mistake, for now we remember Sir Willoughby Patterne, who could perform in this vein. It is impossible to escape the feeling that Morgan, in this and similar papers here, is performing – acting, and indeed over-acting, the part of the dedicated thinker high above the untrained, the popular, the half-educated.

Let us look at another page:

> I remember well, and always with pleasure, the opportunities that I myself have had to see the little drama of my own life suddenly transferred to a new stage with a new cast.
>
> In the year 1913, I was a very young naval officer in the China Seas. Wishing to be a writer, I applied for permission to leave the Navy, which was granted. I travelled home across Siberia, and found myself in England as a civilian. This in itself was an adventure, for I had worn uniform and lived under a strict discipline since I was twelve. Soon afterwards, I went into deep country, lodged with an old tutor in a farm, and set about learning enough Latin and Greek to enable me to go to Oxford. To others this may sound commonplace enough; to me, because my life's point of view had been changed, it was the bravest of new worlds. Scholarship was a dream; I pursued it with passionate ardour . . .

But he had to wait. No sooner had he gained admittance to Oxford than the war broke out, and no sooner was he in action, with the Naval Brigade, than he was a prisoner in Holland, as we know from his novel *The Fountain*.

Finally he came down from Oxford in 1921, and before that year was out he had joined the editorial staff of *The Times*. From 1926 to 1939 he was its principal dramatic critic. We have had better dramatic critics than Morgan, but many much worse: at his best he wrote well, better than he did elsewhere; he was not without insight into and feeling for the theatre; but

* *The Writer and His World*. Essays by Charles Morgan. *Macmillan*. 21s.

his standards were never steady nor his temper certain. Writing now as a dramatist, I must add that I never found his criticism much help.

The early naval training, the long internment in wartime Holland, then Oxford and *The Times*, these help to explain him. But to my mind they do not account for the curious histrionic strain in him, his highly self-conscious performances as Dramatic Critic (with a cloak too), Philosophical Novelist, Aristocratic Man of Letters, Lofty Detached Thinker. He was a man with a mirror. One of his best novels, perhaps his very best, is *Portrait in a Mirror*. He collected two series of essays under the title *Reflections in a Mirror*.

He had at his service some fine qualities and gifts; he aimed high, he toiled to deliver the best of himself; probably from the hour that he left the China Seas he followed some shining vision of authorship; but for many of us – and now it seems a melancholy conclusion – all this was defeated by that moon-glimmer, by the ghost of a mocking grin, by a mere echo of solemn egoists elsewhere. His was a splendid mirror, and he would have cut a splendid figure in it if there had not been a little flaw in the glass – just an inch or two suggesting those comic mirrors in fun palaces, where the popular, the untrained, the half-educated, stare at their distorted reflections and roar with laughter.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Studies in Power

I

Today at a meeting while I sat confused
by motions, counter-motions, and the vague
appalling ardour of the dialogue
I was struck by terror (being thus bemused)
that I (Oh certainly no albatross
of a dear unearthly climate) should be there,
somehow a stranger, at a total loss,
(no, not uncommon, let me be quite clear)

till this fear struck me with a dizzy force
that this was real and the poems I make
mere cardboard coins to fill a childish purse

And I was terrified lest my world be fake
and these blunt men who make all words
opaque
should stand like giants by my dwarfish verse.

II

I thought of power and its sources while
the table trembled under a bronze thought
and men grew marble of a dreaming sort
all round me even here. Mile upon mile
the violent and the beautiful strode on,
one in her deadly silks, the other in
black Roman leather with the brassy belt
and both impervious to my senseless guilt.

Till suddenly there I saw a vase in bloom
gathering light about it clearly clearly
in adult daylight, not by a moon obscurely,

and its harder language filled the small room
with its bare constant self, its paradigm
of straining forces harmonised sincerely.

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH

Swedish Charles

The Life of Charles XII, King of Sweden, 1697-1718. By FRANS G. BENGTSSON. Translated by NAOMI WALFORD. *Macmillan*. 42*s*.

Charles XII of Sweden was the last of those incredible Vasa sovereigns whose genius (as Mark Pattison remarked) was closely allied to the madness in which it sometimes ended. He was the last of other things too: the last king to handle weapons in battle, the last to be killed in the course of battle. Altogether he was an anachronism: a noble hero from the past, ingenuous, inarticulate, ascetic, breaking suddenly through the formal Europe of Louis XIV, scattering its wigs (which he never wore), ignoring its conventions, and leading his devoted followers on the old Varangian trail from Scandinavia to Constantinople. And how he captured the imagination of his age! Voltaire wrote his history, and described him as 'the only person in history who was free from all weakness'. Dr Johnson, when modernising Juvenal, put him in place of Hannibal. Even Peter the Great, the uncouth barbarian of genius who defeated him, looked up to 'Brother Charles' as a type of unattainable virtue: 'the most perfect man and hero since the world began'. As for the ladies, they found him more unattainable still. Separated finally from their company at the age of four, he was never recovered by them. He was married, he said, for better, for worse, to his soldiers; and a fashionable German abbess, the former mistress of the King of Poland, who set out in state, all the way to Courland, to vamp him, returned without an audience.

How can he fail to capture any imagination? A king at 14, self-declared, self-crowned, he sent his regents packing and at 17, having defeated the armies of three nations, left his country for 15 years, his capital for ever. With him he took a democratic army which seems sometimes like a dedicated military order. Alexander the Great was his hero, Quintus Curtius his bedside book, Gustavus Adolphus his immediate model. And indeed, seven years later, at Altranstädt, his position was like that of Gustavus in Munich. He had gone from victory to victory. He had deposed one king of Poland and set up another. The great duke of Marlborough, at the height of his fame, offered to learn from his youth of 24 those arts of war which he still lacked. He could have made himself Emperor, said the French Marshal Villars, 'and I should have been happy to be allowed to contribute to his greatness'. The reigning Emperor trembled before him, and when rebuked by the Pope for his compliance with a heretic, replied that the Holy Father should be glad it was no worse, for if Charles had ordered him to turn protestant himself 'I know not what I would have done'. The French historical dictionary, published that year, gave Charles XII more space than Louis XIV. And in the midst of all this fame, the hero himself moved with ice-cold Nordic simplicity: 'a tall slim youth, always in his blue coat and brass buttons, his ungainly boots and serviceable sword. Sitting beside his cousin, the magnificent Augustus, the only King he ever deigned to meet (and him he had deposed), 'with eyes downcast and rustic shyness', he seemed 'like a newly enlisted peasant-lad beside a handsome knight'. Ninety-nine years later a very old Lithuanian lady still remembered his visit to her father's house: he was 'as quiet as a lamb and as gentle as a nun'.

R. D. Laing

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And then, like so many conquerors, he yielded to that well-known ambition: a march to Moscow. As usual, it was fatal. Charles XII's army, like Napoleon's, marched on its belly, which in Poland could be well filled. In Russia, where Peter had the earth scorched, it could not. Moreover that year was one of quite abnormal cold. And finally, at the fatal battle, the King himself, for the first time, was not in charge: wounded, he could only be shown to his troops in a litter. When all was over, the Swedes had been totally defeated; the King slipped over the Dnieper into Turkey, fondly hoping to raise new armies; and that Swedish army which for nine years had never known defeat spent the next nine years in Siberia, or in the Russian mines, or building, on land captured from Sweden, the new capital of St Petersburg.

And yet, even in defeat and captivity, could such a life lose its quality of romance? Charles XII's three years as the Sultan's guest ended in the incredible 'affray of Bender', when he held at bay an army of Turks in the camp which they had besieged and shelled and set on fire. When he returned at last to Sweden, the same scene was re-enacted on a larger scale. All round him the old empire of Gustavus, from Finland to Bremen, was in flames. When he perished, by 'a petty fortress and a dubious hand', the work of his dynasty was over. *'Voilà la pièce finie'*, as his cynical French engineer remarked, *'allons souper'*.

Politically, the life of Charles XII was disastrous: personally, it was worthy of Plutarch, or Quintus Curtius. The late Hr Bengtsson was interested in the personality, not the politics, and this book is biography, not history. There is here no question, no answer. No problems disturb the reader, no footnotes distract him. It is narrative, smoothly written, easily read; sometimes a little flat for such a story, sometimes a little cosy for such a hero, and sometimes, for its likely readers, a little condescending (do we really need translations of such phrases as *'ouvre la porte!'*?). But it is inspired by admiration, which is infectious, and illustrated by scholarship, which I am sure is sound. And anyway, why should we mix politics with the life of Charles XII? He never did. Hence his universal disaster – and also his fascination. He was, as Voltaire said (and unlike Miss Walford, I shall take the risk of not translating it) *moitié Alexandre, moitié don Quichotte.*

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Light Through the Cracks

The Divided Self. By R. D. LAING. *Tavistock Publications.* 25*s.*

Dr Laing is a psychiatrist and an existentialist. In this unusually interesting book he attempts a study of schizophrenia from the existentialist point of view. There is something markedly schizoid about the existentialist outlook. We may expect to find a useful empathy here between the doctor and the disorder.

We do find it. But how much is it due to Dr Laing's own insight? And how much to the existentialist phenomenology, of which he gives a typically gnostic outline in his opening chapters? I cannot be certain. Existentialism is twilight sleep to me. I need to orient myself. Here is a definition by which I can steer. It comes from *Chronic Schizophrenia*, a recent psychoanalytical study by Drs Freeman, Cameron, and McGhie.

> It is the factor of ego feeling, or the ability to differentiate the self from the environment, that we regard as being damaged in chronic schizophrenia, thus leading to the patient experiencing internal and external sensations as a continuum . . . Once this basic disturbance is appreciated, all other schizophrenic manifestations can be viewed as necessary elaborations of it.

I find this illuminating. It helps to explain the affinity between schizophrenia and certain mystical and poetic visions and insights, including those of that supremely schizoid genius, Blake. Dr Laing would certainly not be altogether unsympathetic to it. He would not be happy about 'ego-feeling', just as he is not happy about the Freudian hypothetical anatomy of the mental personality, the division into id, ego, and superego. One of his justifiable complaints is that there is 'no concept of a unitary whole within the current language system of psychiatry and psychoanalysis'. He objects to the depersonalisation of the patient which is part of the psychiatric approach. Yet I cannot see that his general standpoint is so very far removed from the definition I have quoted. Sometimes the difference seems to be more a matter of language than anything else. For Dr Laing is no anti-Freudian; he seems to accept the empirical findings. Psycho-analysts talk about fear of the loss of the ego. He calls it 'fear of engulfment by reality'. For him, too, this fear is fundamental in the schizophrenic crisis. He regards isolation, so characteristic of schizoids and schizophrenics, 'as the main manoeuvre used to preserve identity'. Here is one of his interpretations:

> To the schizophrenic, liking someone equals *being like* that person: being like a person is equated with being the same as that person, hence with losing identity. Hating and being hated may therefore be felt to threaten loss of identity less than do loving and being loved.

He maintains that the basic split in the schizoid personality is a cleft that severs the self from the body in such a way that the I-sense becomes disembodied and the body becomes the centre of a false self system. I like the sympathetic understanding he shows of schizophrenic thinking, as in the schizophrenic version of playing possum: you turn yourself into a stone first in order to avoid being turned into a stone by someone else. (There are parallel instances in folk-lore and mythology. It almost looks as if some of the mystical drills of oriental religions might have been designed as prophylactic exercises for schizoids in danger of becoming schizophrenics.)

The further he gets from existentialist phenomenology in theory, and the nearer to practical applications of it, including the handling of individual patients, the more lucid and stimulating Dr Laing becomes. Some of his case histories, especially the chronic schizophrenic girl in the final chapter, 'The Ghost Of The Weed Garden', are remarkable for the way he is able to preserve an integrated view of the patient as a person, but without any popularisation or vulgarisation. We look forward to the further studies of existential psychology and psychiatry which he promises in his preface.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Spiral

Wage Determination and Wages Policy. By C. W. GUILLEBAUD. *Nisbet.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Inflation and Society. By GRAHAM HUTTON. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

The Trade Unions, the Employers and the State. By HARRY WELTON. *Pall Mall.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

There can no longer be any doubt about the fatal political implications of rising prices for democratic governments. Nor can there be any doubt, after the experiences of the last three years, that the explanation of this inflationary process through monetary theories has completely failed. The failure of the monetary explanation is shown by the fact that prices tended to rise through recession and dear money. It is clear that there is no need for complicated assumptions about too much money chasing too few goods to explain the instability of prices. If entrepreneurs think wage demands will spread over the whole economy and will repeat themselves in a wave-like movement, they can grant these demands in the knowledge that they will be able to sell the goods at higher prices. The rise in wages, salaries and other incomes will be its own justification. A study of trade unions and trade union practices thus assumes a great importance.

Mr Guillebaud's lecture was given roughly ten years ago; it stands up very well to the passing of time. He points to the important experiment in February 1948, when Cripps issued his famous statement on personal incomes:

> The Trade Union Congress endorsed the general policy of wage stabilisation on condition that the Government carried through its policy of preventing increases in prices and profits.

The experiment, unfortunately, failed, and it failed because of the continual rise in prices. In fact, the British trade unions, during the

Labour Government, put up with considerable decrease in real wages. Mr Guillebaud does not encourage any optimism about the possibilities of stabilisation. The examples of Sweden and Holland are indeed disappointing. But a solution will have to found if the West is not to be overwhelmed by the Soviet expansion, and Mr Guillebaud's experience gives valuable indication of the direction worth exploring.

Mr Graham Hutton's booklet does not represent serious scientific thought. It is a jumble of what seem to me historical mistakes and of *obiter dicta* not backed up with accurate statistical analysis. It is, I assume, the sort of publication which Transport House would like to see the Conservative Office issue, because it would offer such broad possibilities for attack. What is one to say to such gems as:

> The greatest single factor responsible for the rise of the Nazi movement to supreme power between 1923 and 1933 was the inflation deliberately pursued by the first democratic governments of the Weimar Republic –

and:

> Yet the British Labour Party and its chief financial supporters, the trade unions, when in power from 1945 to 1951, pursued a steady 3 to 5 per cent inflation as a matter of policy.

In fact Hitler only became powerful when unemployment rose above 8 per cent and prices were crashing. It is equally well known, as Mr Guillebaud points out, that the only time there was a conscious policy against wage inflation was during the short period after 1948, when Labour did hold prices down.

In discussing economic freedom Mr Hutton puts the United States up as the ideal (p.127), and the bald assertion is made that the American economy grew faster than the mixed economies (this includes Japan). In actual fact it grew rather less rapidly than even the British since 1955; the Italian, where about half the industry is nationalised, and the French, where national ownership is far more extended than in this country, grew about three times as fast. Nor could US agriculture be characterised as quite 'free'.

Mr Welton's book is a rather elementary introduction to the history of, and a description of the changes in structure, of the British trade union movement. It brings facts together with profuse quotations from speeches and documents, but does not attempt to analyse their importance. As a reference book its value is impaired by the uncertainty of its arrangement, which mixes historical and functional elements in an uncertain way. Its final chapter is an attempt to assess the future of the trade unions. But such anodyne statements as the following do not help:

> How to harness the good in the British trade union movement to the needs of modern society, and to keep the bad under control, is a problem primarily for the unions themselves, but neither the Government nor the employers can escape some responsibility. Unwise action on the part of either or both can make the task of progressive trade unionists more difficult and add grist to the mill of those who regard the unions as a mobilization centre for class warfare.

There is no analysis of what reforms are needed in order to fit trade unions into a dynamic economic system combining growth and stability; or of what legitimate demands they can make for any concession towards ending the free-for-all in wage-bargaining.

T. BALOGH

The Hide Man's Havoc

The Buffalo Hunters. By MARI SANDOZ. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 37s. 6d.

At the time America was discovered there must have been some 75 million buffalo alive, in giant herds that spread over the Plains from Canada to Mexico and reached from the Rockies into the woodlands of the eastern seaboard. A desultory slaughter by trappers, pioneers and of course Indians took place, till by the 1850's the buffalo had retreated to the centre of the continent. In 1867 there were estimated to be still some 20 million animals left, but in the 16 years to 1883 such unimaginable and systematic slaughter took place that these millions were entirely exterminated, except for some 250 animals scattered here and there: and it is the story of these 16 years that Mari Sandoz tells, in a grand panorama of buffalo, hide men, troopers, scouts and Indians.

The hide man is the hunter who creeps up to the buffalo on his stomach and shoots at a steady rate till 20, 40, 100 animals lie dead or dying on the ground and the remainder have been made restless and gallop in thick streams over the prairie. Behind the hunter comes the skinner, ripping the hides from the carcasses if possible while they are still hot, leaving the naked bodies to glisten in the sun and to be the stinking home of a myriad of flies. In succeeding years the bones bleach till for mile upon mile the prairie seems to be whitened, so Mr Sandoz tells, as by frost.

The prairies were of course Indian territory, protected by such treaties as the one at Medicine Lodge where the Kiowa and the Comanche agreed to give up part of their

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land in exchange for goods, and on the understanding the remaining lands would be prohibited to hide men, troopers and the railroads. The troops, who protected hide men and settlers when they could, were supposed by the treaties to protect the Indians from the hide men: a task which they cheerfully ignored, thinking it more their business to encourage the slaughter both of buffalo and of the Indians. General Sheridan indeed told the Texas legislature that a dead buffalo meant a discouraged red man, and that when the buffalo were finally gone 'your prairies can be covered with speckled cattle and the festive cowboy, who follows the hunter as a second forerunner of an advanced civilisation.'

He was quite right, of course, and this just is what happened. The prairie was turned into a prodigious charnel house, with thousands of hunters each killing 50 or 100 animals a day – in 1872 and 1873 more meat was wasted than there were cattle in Belgium and Holland – and sending the hides east by the newly-built railroads whose coming had opened up the buffalo ranges, while sporadic Indian wars broke out. When, at last, the buffalo herds had been exterminated one after the other, the hide men had nothing better to do than steal horses, poison wolves for their pelts or collect the shoals of bones and sell them for two and a half dollars the ton. Meanwhile the cowboys and settlers invaded the prairies and the pitiful remnants of the Indian tribes were shut up on their reservations.

Mr Sandoz writes his book sometimes as history, sometimes as a highly descriptive reportage that tells of men lost in blizzards, fleeing from grass fires, ambushed by Indians, riding in an endless sea of buffalo, or quarrelling amongst themselves. Long-haired dandies like Cody and Hickok appear, the brash and treacherous Custer mows down Indian villages, Grand Duke Alexis comes for a winter hunt, Sitting Bull is basely shot after a Ghost dance. But the mixture is not altogether successful: too many small details make the history confusing, and the descriptions of the buffalo hunters, glossy and knowingly splotched with colour as they are, leave the reader feeling he too has got lost on some senseless prairie, the prose booming round him like the Big Fifties that shot the buffalo, and stories pegged out for acres like wind-dried hides.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

PETER QUENNELL

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'One of the most brilliant and enlightening biographers of our time' talks about the writers he has known.

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PHILIP TOYNBEE, *Observer*

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FOREWORD BY SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

COLLINS

The Professional Pessimist

Dean Inge. By ADAM FOX. *Murray.* 28*s.*

Dean Inge didn't like Canons. A year after his retirement at the age of 74 he wrote in his diary: 'I am not sure that this has not been the happiest year I ever spent . . . I am afraid I did not realise how great the relief would be to be free of Alexander and the Minor Canons.' What the Dean would have thought of Canon Fox and his biography of the Dean it is impossible to know. On the whole if he can read it in Heaven to which, no doubt, the minor dignitaries (if a Dean is indeed a minor dignitary) go after death, he should be pleased and flattered. The Canon of Westminster has his faults as a writer and biographer. His standards of value are slightly hysterical; he says, for instance, that Dean Inge was 'one of the most famous writers of his time'! He is himself a rather prolix writer; he begins almost every chapter with a pompous, pretentious exordium which has 'nothing to do with the case.' But despite these failings, he has written an adequate and interesting biography which allows the Dean to tell his own story and allows us therefore to see pretty clearly what the Dean was really like.

The Dean had a fairly simple character with small resemblance to the public image of it, the gloomy Dean. He lived a long life of 93 years which was chiefly remarkable, as his biographer notes, for its 'absence of events'. He was born into the Church on both his father's and mother's side, a scholar, a gentleman, and a dyed-in-the-wool Tory. He was through and through an intellectual, and within the limits of Cambridge and Oxford, the Church of England, popular journalism, and London society he pursued a career of unmitigated success. Even his married and family life was one of unmitigated happiness and success (except for the death of one of his daughters in childhood). It is difficult to see why he was so consistently successful in so many ways. The explanation may be that he was above the average in intelligence and had a character and mind of his own, but never went more than just a little ahead of his audience whether at Oxford, in the Church, in London drawing rooms, or in Lord Beaverbrook's papers. His diaries show that he was fundamentally a thoroughly happy man, who enjoyed his success, his work, the large sums of money he earned by journalism, his family life, his prophecies of woe, and his castigation of the lower classes. He became a professional pessimist and made a handsome living out of the profession, for the British ruling and middle classes have always loved and lionised a British-made Jeremiah or Savonarola, tailored in Mayfair and Savile-Row, in Lady Ashburton's or Lady Londonderry's drawing room – a Carlyle or an Inge – provided that he supports the Establishment, his pessimism is not too pessimistic, and his truths not too true.

Inge belonged to an era which the two great wars and the welfare state have almost completely destroyed. When in 1905 he became Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, the vicarage which he was to live in contained seven bedrooms and accommodation for five servants. His parishioners were sharply divided into the rich on one side and the servants of the rich and 5,000 'poor' on the other. The Vicar looked after the rich and had two curates who looked after the servants and the poor. 'In the church life . . . of All Saints the segregation of rich and poor was quite unconscious but quite complete.' Inge was wholeheartedly on the side of the rich. He thought democracy was 'a superstition and a fetish', and, when Temple proposed in Convocation a resolution declaring that a national minimum wage and state provision against unemployment were in accordance with the principles of Christianity, the Dean, who had saved £20,000 in four years, spoke and voted against what he called 'a wild-cat socialistic resolution'. Meanwhile he lived happily with wife and family in the Deanery. He did not take his ecclesiastical duties too seriously for the services bored him, though he was – again within the limits of his caste, of Anglicanism, and London society – a sincere Christian. But what he really enjoyed was social life, writing his articles, and writing his great work on mysticism. None of this is in any sense first-rate, but it must be recorded that – again within the limits of his caste, of the Church, and the Establishment – he was a very nice man.

LEONARD WOOLF

Belles Lettres

The Sign of the Fish. By PETER QUENNELL. *Collins.* 21*s.*

The Greatest Problem. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

Seen from the standpoint of contemporary critical orthodoxies, the authors of these two volumes of essays will appear curiously old-fashioned, like survivors of *anciens régimes* who insist in a post-revolutionary age upon retaining the costume of their periods. In both one is conscious of a sense of estrangement from the values at present prevailing in literature; Mr Quennell shows it by what he doesn't say, by a sort of aristocratic disdain which takes the form of silence; Mr Lucas, very much by what he does say and by too heartily playing the part of *laudator temporis acti*. Not that the *régimes* they represent are identical. Mr Quennell is an aesthete:

> In a thousand years, if our descendants can reach us, it will be through the works of art we have left behind, just as we ourselves, handling a scrap of bronze cast a thousand or two thousand years ago, enjoy a sensation of electric sympathy with the artificer who kneaded the wax model. Nothing else remains of him – neither his religious beliefs nor the political system under which he lived and died. Faiths expire; political systems collapse; the elaborate structures planned by science and philosophy are reduced to picturesque ruins. Then, among the ruins, appears some broken artifact that reveals the imprint of human desires and feelings . . .

Mr Lucas is of Bloomsbury in the grand, pure sense. 'If anything matters, it is . . . mental states and processes that we can value'; and for Mr Lucas, such states and processes may

result as much from the contemplation of nature or of moral excellence, or even from experience of sheer physical well-being, as from aesthetic experience. His true heroes are the ancient Greeks, his model English dons Walter Raleigh and Quiller-Couch. He is consciously a citizen, very much a rationalist, and his appeal is always to common sense: one feels that he would have refuted Berkeley in exactly the same way as his beloved Johnson.

He is extremely widely read and he quotes brilliantly: one is glad to meet Whitman's outburst when urged to have his works bound in vellum: 'Pshaw! hangings, curtains, finger-bowls, china-ware, Matthew Arnold!' He is at his best, as in the essay on translation, when his great learning is focused on a single issue. When he deals with individual writers, in the essays on Tolstoy and Housman, his interest is moral and psychological rather than literary, and he spends too much time regretting that his subjects were the men they were.

The real fault of these essays, though, lies in the fact that their author has been much too self-indulgent. They are, most of them – 'Testtuberculosis: The Menace of Science to the Humanities', 'Of Books', 'Happiness' – too long, so that the final impression is of garrulity surrounding oases of quotation; and though Mr Lucas is always interesting when he lapses into autobiography, his opinions, though often just, are often banal: 'The vital thing, I believe, is to grow up in a happy home (for conflicts between parents mean conflicts in the child) . . .' The title essay is something different: a review of the menace of over-population. Here, as elsewhere in this collection, I was reminded of Aldous Huxley, but the affinity I felt between them was fatal to Mr Lucas. Downright opinions, even when allied to wide reading, are not enough.

Mr Quennell's essays are deceptive. 'I am concerned in this book with the art of writing, as seen by a middle-aged professional writer;' and so indeed he is, dealing with such subjects as the writing of verse, of fiction, of biography; but what emerges in the end is, as it were, an autobiography at one remove, the story of Mr Quennell's life as a writer. He began his literary career very young: while still a schoolboy, he appeared in *Georgian Poetry*. He stopped writing poetry and turned to fiction, without, as he thinks, any artistic success. He travelled and wrote travel books. Almost by accident, it seems, he became a biographer – one of the most distinguished of our times. He became a journalist and, among other things, reported the Haigh case for the *Daily Mail*, an experience which prompts, in this volume, a most brilliant piece of writing in which sympathy and objectivity go hand in hand. Each successive phase in Mr Quennell's career becomes the taking-off point for a meditation on the kind of writing it represents, a meditation illustrated by the author's reminiscences of the writers he has known – Gosse, Moore, Gide, the young Robert Graves, Dylan Thomas among them. In a sense, this is a sad book; more than once he quotes Cyril Connolly's 'The true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece . . . no other task is of any consequence.' It is also, in its reticence and single-mindedness, an austere book. It seems to me a very distinguished one. At a time when it often seems to have become good form to write gracelessly, it is an uncommon pleasure to read prose as good as Peter Quennell's – elegant, chaste, controlled, sonorous, and capable of eloquence when eloquence is called for.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The Country Girls. By EDNA O'BRIEN. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Last Enchantment. By NEVILLE DAWES. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

The Subterraneans. By JACK KEROUAC. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Country Girls is a first novel of great charm by a natural writer. It is the story of two girls growing up in Ireland, first in a derelict village, then in a convent, then in Dublin. It is not a series of idylls nor a breathless account of hilarious adventures, though its tone is light and there are passages of comedy. In mood and manner Miss O'Brien's novel resembles *The Bachelor of Arts* by R. K. Narayan. Caithleen's mother dies shortly after the novel opens; her father is a drunkard who steadily impoverishes himself. Baba comes from a more ordered home, though her mother likes to spend the evenings on a high stool at the bar of the village hotel. Baba is adventurous and bullying, and where she leads Caithleen must follow. It is Baba who engineers their expulsion from the convent; and when they go to Dublin, it is Baba, innocently and pathetically rapacious, who takes Caithleen into hotel lounges to pick up elderly businessmen. Baba falls ill. Caithleen prepares to fly to Vienna with the elderly man with whom she is in love; but he does not turn up.

Neither of these events is explicitly tragic; both girls will recover. The true tragedy lies in the sense of time passing, of waste, decay, waiting, relationships that come to nothing. Yet Miss O'Brien never says so. She makes no comment, stages nothing. She simply offers her characters, and they come to us living. She does not appear to have to strive to establish anything; the novel, one feels, is so completely, so truly realised in the writer's mind that everything that comes out has a quality of life which no artifice could achieve. Miss O'Brien may write profounder books, but I doubt whether she will write another like *The Country Girls*, which is as fresh and lyrical and bursting with energy as only a first novel can be.

The Negro writer in the New World, as distinct from the West African, is in a difficult situation. His society is involved with white society because modelled on it, so that his subject is nearly always his 'Negroness', to use Kerouac's word. But no writer can produce any body of work on this subject, since blackness, like whiteness, is no longer enough. And over and over we find Negro writers who make a personal statement and then have nothing to say. A writer cannot be blamed for reflecting his society, but it seems to me that these exhibitionist Negro books do little for the Negro cause. They set the Negro apart; they exclude the non-Negro reader, who finds it easier to enter the world of a West African writer like Camara Laye. The early West Indian books avoided this sort of exhibitionism; their writers, one felt, were writing about Jamaicans or Guianese rather than about Negroes as Negroes. This, too, was an accurate reflection of West Indian society, where Negroes, the preponderant race, suffered from economic rather than political disabilities. But the discovery appears to have been made that race and colour, like sex and sadism, are good commercial propositions; and while the effects of the West Indian social revolution are being felt more and more, and the West Indian Negro is increasingly master of his own fate, and the fate of others, the oppressed-race theme is being worked more and more feverishly by West Indian writers.

Now Neville Dawes, a Jamaican, has written a suffocating, depressing book about the burden of being very black in Jamaica. His hero is surely the most miserable and prejudiced man who ever lived. As a boy he is precociously alert to race discrimination at the hands of brown and white. True, he is awarded a scholarship to Oxford by an Indian businessman; but this only provides cause for fresh complaint, for at Oxford our hero sees contempt in every glance and complains that he cannot admire the dreaming spires because they have not been made by Negroes. After every insult ('What are you reading?' 'English.' 'How very unlikely.') he retires to his room and adds a sentence to his thesis, which is about being a Negro. He is, of course, a writer. But we can be sure that the novel he will write will be about a Negro writer writing a novel about being a Negro writer writing about – and so on. No one can feel sympathy for Mr Dawes's hero; no one can believe in him; and many will wonder what the fuss is all about.

Jamaican society is clearly not a quarter as discriminatory as Mr Dawes tries to make out. And as long as Negro writers continue to exploit their 'Negroness' in this way they can scarcely complain that they are expected to write about The Problem and that every publisher expects a black man to produce a *Black Boy*. For the rest, *The Last Enchantment* is a confused, jumbled, rambling compilation. Mr Dawes has tried to say too much. He has a gift for reportage, and he writes well, with an occasional brilliant turn of

ELIZABETH
PAKENHAM
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'An astonishing picture' — *Basil Davidson*, NEW STATESMAN. 'Her limpid mastery of her subject presents an intricate conspiracy with the lucidity of the best whodunnit'—THE TIMES. *Illus.*, 36*s*

JOHN MALCOLM
BRINNIN
THE THIRD ROSE

Gertrude Stein and Her World. 'An admirable account'—*Anthony Powell*, DAILY TELEGRAPH. 'Most valuable . . . a very good book'—*Malcolm Bradbury*, GUARDIAN
Illustrated, 36*s*

WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON

phrase. Now that he has written his Negro novel we must hope that he will write a Jamaican one.

I can see that Jack Kerouac has a talent, but I can also see that the Joycean style he affects must have been as easy to write as it is difficult to read. Strip the book of this difficulty, replace the Negro heroine by a white heroine (as MGM, doubtless to the fury of Mr Dawes's hero, are doing) and you have the story of a squalid commonplace sexual encounter among the 'beats', an American sect in whom I am not interested.

V. S. NAIPAUL

I am a Camera

A Bundle of Sensations. By GORONWY REES. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Mr Goronwy Rees's new book is not, the blurb tells us emphatically, an autobiography. What is it, then? Mr Rees's own, somewhat lame, formula runs: 'sketches in autobiography'. Is this false modesty, or the genuine article? Neither, it would appear. For, in a most sophistical foreword, Mr Rees argues that autobiographies are not so much difficult to write as impossible. Impossible, philosophically, because man's life is no more than a bundle of sensations. Here, the discovery of Mr Rees, as an undergraduate at Oxford, of the chapter on Personal Identity in Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature* was the decisive revelation. His tutor at New College, the formidable H. W. B. Joseph, was shocked, as only an Oxford Idealist of that day could be. Sensationalism was not merely vulgar error: it was sin. Joseph belaboured the young man with dialectic for three years, and prayed that he would outgrow his folly. Evidently – though he crowned his academic career with a fellowship at All Souls – Mr Rees stubbornly refused to do so.

This, today, is why Mr Rees will not give us an autobiography: he has no belief in Personal Identity. Man is a bundle of sensations. I would not know how to refute this philosophically; but Mr Rees's book seems to me to contain a refutation of it, as far as literature is concerned. Autobiographies have, after all, been written; empirically, they exist. Indubitably, our enjoyment of them depends on our belief in their authors' personal identity. Autobiographies may be, incidentally, of 'documentary' interest; but our real interest is in the document in as much as it witnesses to a person. It is because there is no personal centre in Mr Rees's book that we are not, in the end, very interested in the sensations Mr Rees records. Mr Rees bores us by his objectivity. Philosophically, it is a book born and bred in error.

One is compelled to say this from sheer frustration. For it is plain to read, between Mr Rees's lines, that he has lived a most colourful and remarkable life. Would there were more of it in the text! It is there, briefly, in the account of his childhood in Wales. We glimpse his father, a Calvinist preacher, 'entering into a *Hwyl*' as he approaches his peroration. This is a fascinating piece of anthropology, and one that throws some light on the darker places of Dylan Thomas. (Mr Rees defines a *Hwyl* as 'a special form of impassioned utterance half way between speech and song . . . so rhythmical and emotional that sense gives way entirely to sound'.) The best thing in the book, though, is Mr Rees's account of a Long Vacation's tutoring, in the late nineteen-twenties, with a ferocious Silesian *Junker* family. Here, Mr Rees's passive sensationalism is just right; it is a brilliant documentary vignette in the I-am-a-Camera manner. Reading this, one understands why Hitler happened; and, perhaps, why he had to happen. A pity that Mr Rees did not develop the film sooner.

After this the book goes into a decline. Wales and Silesia hold our interest; but these are studies in defunct civilisations, and have rarity value. This cannot be said of Mr Rees's wartime adventures in the Cockney underworld, or of his account of life on Monty's staff. True, Monty was not famous when Mr Rees first knew him; but he cannot be described as under-publicised today. Similarly, Mr Rees's experiences in defeated Germany, despite his exalted rank, seem to have been very run-of-the-mill. The material is all familiar, and the comment expected. An account of a recent, longish spell in a public hospital promised documentary interest; but we know, at the end, no more about NHS than about Mr Rees's Identity. It is all fatally ordinary; we have all lain in bed ill and registered similar sensations. Somehow, even the revelation that there are people in the public wards of hospitals who have never heard of Mr Gaitskell or Mr Macmillan fails properly to shock. Shockingness is relative, after all; it depends on the social context. But we know very little of Mr Rees's public career by the end of the book; just as we know almost nothing of his private life. We can't place him; we have no bearings. In the end, the book is only as interesting as the facts it records. It disintegrates, lacking personality. Perhaps Mr Rees's tutor was not so wrong, after all.

JOHN MANDER

Africa all over

Africa East, Central and South, is the scene of the new travel book by EVELYN WAUGH. Last year, escaping the English winter he made an extended tour of the lands that are never out of the headlines.

His diaries and notebooks of the visit formed the basis of a fascinating account of what Africa looks like, sounds like, thinks like, acts like. Mr. Waugh's observant eye and observant mind have produced, with 'Tourist in Africa', an absorbing and unique record of a changing continent; it is to be published later this year by Chapman and Hall, and — starting today — is being serialised in the

SPECTATOR

FRIDAY **NINEPENCE**

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Competitors are asked to suggest an extract from a rhymed Guide to Britain for the use of foreigners. Limit 14 lines. Entries by 26 July.

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The usual prizes are offered for a clerihew on any current sporting event.

Report

A fair field: enough bronze medals to show that we left-wingers are good stayers; and not too many like Granville Garley:

Wimbledon
May delight TV programme planners and the bon ton
But what the deuce
Can be its other (if any) use?

or Hardy Amies:

If I could
I'd go to Goodwood:
To see Canaletto's Tours-de-Forces –
Not the horses.

Stanley J. Sharpless headed his entry 'Lords, Henley, etc.' –

*How agreeably time passes
For the working classes
Now they can watch the Establishment in flannels
On two different channels.

Equally realistic was G. J. Bartlett's:

At tossing the caber
Heilandmen labour;
And then toss the pot,
A lot.

More realistic still: half a guinea for each asterisk against those entries printed.

Locke golf
Is quite different from clock golf;
And Harry Weetman
Is certainly no effete man.

JOHN BEE

To gimble
At Wimble-
don
Is still *very* bon ton.

A

*The Tour de France
Presumably has romance
If one likes
Bikes.

H. A. C. EVANS

Tennis at Wimbledon
Is just for the nimble one.
The spectators, for their follies,
Usually end up with torticollis.

FIONA MACDONALD

*Maria Bueno
Plays with more brio
Than ever she would
Were she called Mary Good.

MARTIN FAGG

Try
To see the Croquet Championship in July.
It will show you
Things have changed since 1882.

V. R. ORMEROD

*Alas, it's pretty grisly
At Bisley;
The rifle, once all the rage,
Is now practically back in the bow-and-arrow age.

E. C. JENKINS

**Je ne sens
Que l'essence
Aux environs
Du Mans.

R. A. K. WRIGHT

*At Ascot
Competition is hot.
The horses can always be reckoned
To come a poor second.

R. A. K. WRIGHT

*If you aren't frightfully knowing
About rowing,
It seems perverse
To go forward in reverse.

MARGARET WOOD

Wimbledon fortnight
Is a delight:
Unless peradventure
Your friend has no debenture.

HARDY AMIES

*Is throwing a ball at the wicket
Cricket?
It isn't a ball
At all.

CHRISTINE GREENFIELD

*The winner of the Derby (Greyhound)
Was an out-of-the-way hound.
Mile Bush Pride – preferred –
Came third.

D. R. PEDDY

*The Tour de France
Is less of a Concours d'Elegance
Than a rather surprising
Cavalcade of advertising.

J. AUDSLEY

*Brian Statham
Bowled so the visitors could hardly play them,
Hence his analysis of eleven
For 97.

IAN C. GILCHRIST

City Lights

MacProsperity

Prospero certainly held this precious stone enchanted while it suited him – workers lulled by never-never into golden affluent musings; businessmen rapt by bubble profits into the fancy that British industry had recaptured its invincible youth; even the City and its horde of professional sutlers losing its hard-headedness for a moment in the biggest speculative fantasy within memory. It is scarcely astonishing that industry and the City are abandoning their old antipathy in a shared anxiety to preserve the lovely dream: leathery old businessmen from the Midlands now join the Institute of Directors, prattle happily with the smart young men about share prices and bid rumours, lecture one another solemnly about the importance of the small investor, toss out higher dividends, lavish revaluations and scrip issues, and weigh down their shareholders with informatively-illustrated sets of accounts. Expansion may limp, exports falter, but British businessmen now know where to hire the fashionable trappings; they now know, too, most of them, that the companies they personify should wear a virile, progressive image in Throgmorton Street as well as in the provinces. Advertising people, working on commission, see no reason to discourage these whims, and the two sorts of company advertising – the one designed to sell goods, the other to sell the company – have now become inextricably intertwined. We are all nowadays, especially the women, supposed to be investors as well as consumers.

This courting of investors has become explicit in prestige advertising – the expensive spreads which most large companies now regularly take in Class A reading matter to describe themselves, or remove public misconceptions about themselves, or chat whimsically about their products, or simply provide irrelevant but jolly stuff for reading in the Underground. Nobody quite knows (the advertising of chairmen's speeches is much more simply explained) why the habit of spending large sums of money on prestige advertising caught on; warding off nationalisation or seducing innocent undergraduates are excuses rather than explanations, and one can only assume that those whose identity has become dependent on a company are easily persuaded to spend other people's money on building it up into something important and lovable. But Prospero has provided the less embarrassing explanation that we are all investors now as well as customers. Albert E. Reed is a large paper and packaging concern, effectively controlled by the *Mirror* group. It is running a series of prestige advertisements at the moment: a recent one is boldly headed: *'What are the prospects for investors in British paper?'* Below the headline there is a line drawing of an elderly man, looking something like Herbert Morrison from the back, ignoring the reports about the motor, oil and chemical industries scattered on his desk and picking up with interest the report of Albert E. Reed: the caption beside him says that *'the scope of the paper industry has broadened considerably over the last ten years, creating possibilities of great interest to investors'.* The text, complete with graph and table, runs gravely through the paper industry, with special reference to Reed, remarking that *'the Reed Group's preoccupation with newly developing and more profitable uses of paper*

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must be of prime importance to investors', arguing that *'a firmly planned, buoyant economy'* (whatever that may mean) must be good for the paper industry, and concluding that *'the Reed Paper Group offers prospects considerably above the average, both from short-term and long-term points of view'*.

When the *Mirror* starts a City column, why should Reed not buy space in which to tip its own shares? And is not all this a natural development? If companies are to seduce us through one advertising agency to pay out money for their products, it is only fair that they should persuade us through another to buy their shares and hedge against our own gullibility. That, after all, is the way in which affluence works.

★ ★ ★

Half the City is on holiday in mid-July and the other half thinking about it: nothing much (but Cuba, the Congo and Krushchev) is happening. Esso, one of the US oil companies whose Cuban refinery has recently fallen to Castro, has irritated the shipping people by declaring that, when dealing with tanker owners and brokers in future, it will take into consideration whether they have chartered tankers to Communist countries; Esso's anxiety to enforce a squeeze on Castro is understandable (the Russians have lots of oil but few tankers to carry it in); but independent owners, with ten per cent of the world tanker fleet laid up, have been gladly living on the Russians for months past . . . Pye, whose bid for Telephone Manufacturing has been countered by a syndicate of established telephone companies, is asking to see the Board of Trade and 'point out the serious effect on the export activities of the Pye group as the result of its exclusion from government telephone business by the telephone ring' . . . the Germans, interfering horribly with the free working of their economy for the sake of avoiding revaluation, have agreed that the Bundesbank should lend the World Bank $240m at a rate which poorer countries can afford to pay and which is well below what the German government would have to pay to borrow in the capital market . . . and Grandma has produced her first post-Radcliffe annual report, bigger, more discursive and full of willingness: we are promised a quarterly bulletin by the end of the year.

Company News

Northern Breweries is expanding further, acquiring a brewery in Monmouthshire and its chairman – a well-known accountant, who recently sold Gossard to Courtaulds – as its own vice-chairman.

House of Fraser had to raise a £10m bank loan to take over Harrods and has to find another £6m over the next couple of years, mainly to finance the Harrods project in Birmingham: given no clue, shareholders will assume that a good deal of it will come from property sales.

Wilkins & Mitchell ('Servis' washing machines) reports profits up by threequarters and a dividend raised from 17 to 21 per cent after a one-for-four scrip issue; production has been cut since the HP restrictions were introduced, but a useful machine tool division is full of orders.

Nchanga, the Rhodesian copper mine, has reported a rise in profits, extraordinary after all allowance for special factors, from £7.8m to £21.4m.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 557 Sad Anniversary

People do live to be 87, and that exactly would have been Rudolf Charousek's age in the week this goes to press; alas, he died 60 years ago while still being considered the most promising young chess genius of the brand-new century. His was a knack for combinative brilliance coupled with fine positional judgment and great prowess at the end game. His triumphs were 1st at Berlin, 1897, 2nd at Budapest, 1896, 2nd-4th at Cologne, 1898; his victims included Lasker, Janowski, Blackburne and, more than once, the great Tchigorin who was said to consider the young Hungarian his *bête noir*. Here's how he was trounced at Budapest, 1896.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, PxP; (3) B-B4, QKt-B3; (4) P-Q4, Kt-B3; (5) P-K5, P-Q4; (6) B-Kt3?(B-K2!), B-KKt5? [Tchigorin little knew that some decades later his compatriots would kill this variation by . . . Kt-K5!; (7) QBxP, Q-R5 ch; (8) P-Kt3, KtxKtP!; (9) BxKt, Q-K5 ch, etc.:] (7) Q-Q3, Kt-KR4; (8) Kt-KR3, Kt-Kt5; (9) Q-QB3, Kt-R3; (10) O-O, B-K7?; (11) B-R4 ch, P-B3; (12) BxP ch, PxB; (13) QxP ch, K-K2; (14) KtxP, KtxKt; (15) BxKt, P-R3; (16) Kt-B3, B-B5; (17) P-K6!, R-B1 [Nothing else could save him]; (18) B-B7! !

Here Tchigorin resigned: and he had to do it again when (once again in Budapest) he defended a Q-Gamb. Decl. against Charousek. No combinative fireworks here, but inexorable positional pressure on Black's weak QBP.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) Kt-B3, B-K2; (5) P-K3, O-O; (6) B-Q3, P-QKt3; (7) PxP, PxP; (8) O-O, B-Kt2; (9) P-QKt3, QKt-Q2; (10) B-Kt2, Kt-K5; (11) R-B1, KtxKt; (12) RxKt, B-Q3; (13) Kt-K5, Kt-B3 [The win of a P would be illusory on account of BxP ch, followed by Q-R5]; (14) Q-K2, P-QR4; (15) P-QR4, Kt-K5; (16) R-B2, Q-K2; (17) KR-B1, KR-B1; (18) BxKt, PxB; (19) Kt-B4!, Q-Q2; (20) B-R3!, BxB; (21) KtxB, B-R3; (22) Kt-B4, P-KB3; (23) KtxKtP!, Q-K1 [Relatively best]; (24) Kt-B4, QR-Kt1; (25) R-B3, R-Kt5; (26) Q-R2, Q-R4; (27) Kt-R3, Q-Q4; (28) Kt-B2, R-Kt2; (29) Kt-R1, Q-B2; (30) R-B5, B-Q6; (31) Q-Q2, R(2)-R2; (32) Q-B3!.

Now that much-suffering QBP was doomed, and Tchigorin had to resign before very long. And here – Black against Hermann – is a brevity remarkable for its pretty finish.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-B3, KtxP; (5) KtxKt, P-Q4; (6) BxP, QxB; (7) Kt-B3, Q-Q1; (8) O-O, B-Q3; (9) P-Q3, O-O; (10) P-KR3, P-B4; (11) R-K1, B-Q2; (12) Q-K2, Q-K1; (13) B-K3, Q-Kt3; (14) K-R1, P-B5; (15) B-Q2, Kt-Q5; (16) KtxKt, PxKt; (17) Kt-K4, P-B6; (18) PxP, BxP; (19) R-KKt1, Q-R4; (20) R-Kt5, Q-R5; (21) K-Kt1, B-R7 ch!; (22) K-R1, B-B8; (23) Q-Q1, B-K7!; (24) QxB, B-Kt6 ch; (25) K-Kt1, Q-R7 ch, etc.

Finally, here's a little game won by Charousek when he was a youth of 19.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-Q4, PxP; (3) P-QB3, PxP; (4) B-B4, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-KB3, B-B4; (6) KtxP, P-Q3; (7) O-O, O-O; (8) Kt-KKt5, P-KR3?; (9) KtxP!, RxKt; (10) P-K5!, Kt-Kt5; (11) P-K6, Q-R5; (12) PxR ch, K-B1; (13) B-B4, KtxBP; (14) Q-K2, Kt-Kt5 ch; (15) K-R1, B-Q2; (16) QR-K1, Kt-QB3;

Here Charousek forced a pretty mate in 3 which might as well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. **B** (for 6 ladder-points) was praised by the great Kubbel for its mastery in forcing the draw with the utmost economy of material. **C**, a win, is one of his own finest pieces; it's a win (7 points).

B: A. S. Selesniev, 1930: /4Kt3/7k/5Kpp/8/4p3/24/.

C: Leonid Kubbel, 1924: /3Kt1q2/4p3/pk2p3/1p6/1B3P2/8/1P6/1K6/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 25 July.

REPORT ON No. 553. SET 18 JUNE.

A: (1) QxP??, B-Q4!! etc.
B: (1) R-R5, ch, KxR; (2) Q-K8 ch, P-Kt3; (3) R-B5 ch, B-Q4; (4) B-QB2, Kt-B8; (5) B-Q1 ch, Kt-K7; (6) P-Kt4 ch, PxP e.p mate.
C: (1) P=Q ch, BxQ; (2) RxB ch, K-K2; (3) RxR, RxB; (4) R-R7 ch, K-Q1; (5) RxRP!, RxP ch; (6) K-Q6, RxR stalemate.

Apparently not too easy a lot. Prizes: C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. W. Ecelson, M. P. Furmston, A. G. D. Watson.

REPORT on No. 554 Set 25 June

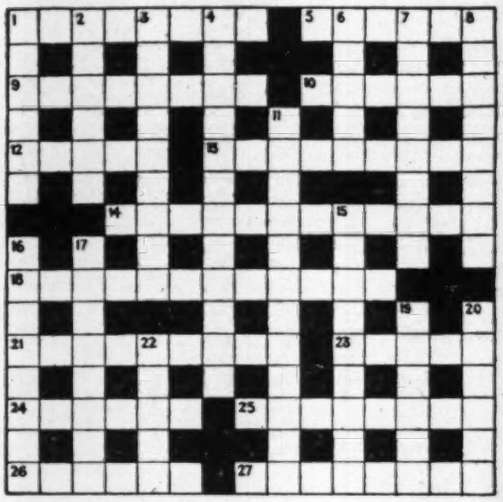
A: (1) . . . QxP ch; (2) QxQ, Kt-Kt6 ch; (3) PxKt, R-R1 mate.
B: (1) Kt-Q3, P-Kt6; (2) Kt-QB4, P-Kt7; (3) Kt-R3, P=Q; (4) Kt-QB2 ch, K-Kt8; (5) Kt-R3 ch, etc.
C: (1) Kt-K3 ch, K-K7; (2) BxP, KxKt; (3) K-R8, B-Q4; (4) P=Q!, BxQ; (5) B-Kt1! etc.

Not too difficult. Prizes: E. Allan, C. H. Brown, D. E. Cohen, J. Mitchell, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 414

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 414, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 26 July.



ACROSS

1. The finest means of travel is to cover the ground on foot (8).
5. Small farms for the crime writer (6).
9. It is generous to pass on a little (8).
10. One female or another embracing a male (6).
12. Not the victor in a close race (5).
13. Raced back before the sport was growing thin (9).
14. Menial fighting about a woman behind the vessel (12).
18. School outfitters (12).
21. Of a religion which has a corner in humanity (9).
23. Writer on music for the wood (5).
24. Musician with the wood at heart (6).
25. To be found in a saloon capable after a drink (8).
26. Fate is welcomed in the end (6).
27. Something fine encourages misery (8).

DOWN

1. Live on a part of the benefit (6).
2. Wisest union with home (6).
3. The river rose irregularly and here there was plenty of water (9).
4. Showed the monster concealed in the old-fashioned (12).
6. Capital love for the lover (5).
7. The window programme is beneath the enthusiast (8).
8. Shocks when an oval body rises in the firmament (8).
11. Release the slender monarch from rationalism (12).
15. Claims there is an unfinished weapon above the entrance (9).
16. Plant something bogus on the stone (8).
17. Gives up an embargo on teachers (8).
19. Gloomy as a few are about the railways (6).
20. Happened to live on a hill (6).
22. A class in arithmetic as teachers like it (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 412

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 412

L. A. Budd (Farnborough)
Miss E. Barraclough (Selbey)
E. F. Watling (Sheffield 10)

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' The July issue includes reports on hearing aids, picnic stoves, fly killers, glucose tablets and insurance against rain. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

LABOUR Monthly. After Paris – What Next? R. Palme Dutt; Labour's Nuclear Policy, W. Wainwright; C.C.T. Giles on B. Simon's 'History of Education'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

READ Women Speaking, an international quarterly and a woman's paper with a difference, 2s. 6d. or 10s. annually payable to E. Hooper May, The Wick, Roundwood Avenue, Hutton Mount, Brentwood, Essex. July issue deals with changes in Africa, women and the priesthood and artists and their work (including Dame Laura Knight).

INDIVIDUAL Psychology News Letter. Ask for specimen from: 39 The Vale, London, NW11.

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SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV 6807.

BOOKS bought: any quantity; all subjects. Van collects. CHAncery 9241. 10-4.30. Collins & Gray, 14 Churton St, SW1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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SUMMERHILL Society's magazine 'Id' gives 30th July as end of term. Should be 23rd.

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SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN GERMAN
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN MATHEMATICS
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN PHILOSOPHY
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER IN POLITICAL SCIENCE
LECTURER IN CLASSICS
LECTURER IN ENGLISH
LECTURER IN FRENCH
LECTURER OR SENIOR TUTOR IN POLITICAL SCIENCE

The present functions of the College will be continued following its association with the Australian National University later this year. Further details of the association are given in the information sheets for applicants.

Salaries are as follows: Senior Lecturer £A2,400 – 100 – £A2,900. Lecturer £A1,649 – 90 – £A2,360. Senior Tutor £A1,400 – 60 – £A1,500. Commencing salaries will be in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close in Australia and London on 20 August 1960.

LOUGHBOROUGH COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Applications are invited for the position of LECTURER IN POLITICS. Applicants should hold a university degree in PPE, Politics, History or Sociology. Teaching experience is desirable, but not essential, and it would be an advantage to have had experience in Industry, or Commerce or Social work. Encouragement will be given to carry out Research work.

Salary will be paid according to the scale £1,370 × £35 to £1,550 per annum, commencing salary being determined by experience and qualifications. The post is pensionable.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Academic Registrar. (In reply please quote 11/BA.)

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

RESEARCH WORKER REQUIRED to carry out an investigation into various aspects of the recruitment of nurses. Salary £700/£800 per annum. Conditions of Appointment and Form of Application, which should be returned by 9 August, from the Registrar.

COVENTRY EDUCATION COMMITTEE

WARDEN required for WYKEN ADULT EDUCATION, COMMUNITY AND YOUTH CENTRE. Experience of Evening Institute Classes, Community Centre and/or Youth work desirable. Post offers opportunities for development of large Centre and for experimental work in co-ordination of educational and social services. Salary APT III (£880-£1,065). New house and garage available. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
Child Care Officers

Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Child Care Officers, salary scale £765-£880 (APTD. II.). Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 25 July to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

YOUNG general helper wanted for 1 year in residential settlement as pair basis; excellent group & neighbourhood exper. Apply **Bede House, Bermondsey, SE16.**

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX
BRAYS GROVE YOUTH CENTRE, TRACYES ROAD, HARLOW

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects, and recreational activities, for over 300 members.

Salary scale: in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scales for Youth Wardens, viz., £875 × £30 (6) × £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions.

Housing accommodation may be made available for successful applicant.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 29 July 1960.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD

PERSONNEL OFFICER

There is a vacancy for a male personnel officer in one of our Croydon establishments which gives special services to the organisation and to the public and which has interests in many parts of the country.

A man with some years' experience of personnel management is sought to be responsible for the full range of personnel duties in the unit. He will have the opportunity of gaining specialist knowledge about the services provided. Applications, in the first instance, should be addressed to the Chief Personnel Officer, Philips Electrical Industries Ltd, Lindsay House, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2, marked PO15.

THE LINCOLN LABOUR PARTY invite applications from experienced agents for the post of

SECRETARY-AGENT.

Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Councillor R. Wadsworth, 83 Addison Drive, Lincoln, to whom they must be returned by 20 July 1960.

Scilliad for Secs No. 4

DIFFICULT DINOSAUR seeks DEDICATED DICTAPHONE-TYPIST. Don't despair – we also want SECRETARIES and shorthand-typists for interesting but amenable humans, at up to £15 p.w. –

THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
CHA. 8217.

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modesty precludes our claiming we are the best source for finding a new job. Nevertheless, quite a number of people do find what they had in mind through

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436 Strand, Charing Cross,
WC2. TEMple Bar 6644

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Member of Employment Agents' Federation

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Professor of Political Science and Head of the School of Political Science and Public Administration. The Chair of Political Science in the School of Political Science and Public Administration at Victoria University of Wellington is at present vacant, and the University Council invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 11 August 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 1 August 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MONASH University, Australia. Faculty of Economics and Political Science. First Professorial Appointment. The Interim Council of Monash University wishes to offer courses in the area of Economics and Political Science when teaching begins in March 1961 and accordingly invites applications from suitably qualified persons in this general field for appointment to the first professorial position. The Professor will be required, inter alia, to advise the Interim Council on how his own and related disciplines should be introduced and developed in the University and he will be required to take up duty as soon as possible after appointment. Salary: Minimum of £4,000 plus superannuation similar to FSSU. General information about Monash University was contained in a more general advertisement published on 10 June 1960, but further information and details of the terms and conditions of appointment for this Chair may be obtained from the undersigned* with whom applications close on 15 August 1960, or from the Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. *F. H. Johnson, Registrar, Box 92, Clayton, Victoria, Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Chair of Indian Studies. Applications are invited for the above mentioned Chair in the Department of Indian Studies of the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. It is intended that the Department should ultimately cover a wide range of Indian Studies and provide teaching in several Indian Languages. In the first instance, there will be some emphasis on the teaching of Tamil Language and Literature, but teaching of Sanskrit is also envisaged in 1961. Candidates offering themselves for the Chair of Indian Studies should have, among other things, high academic qualifications in Tamil, and a good command of the English Language. They should also have wide experience in teaching at University level. Administrative experience in running a Department will be an added advantage. Salary between £2,268 and £2,548 per annum, at fixed point determined by qualifications and experience. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35 per cent of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided for the appointee and his family; a furnished house or flat is also provided at a reasonable rental. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 or from the Registrar, University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur, Pantai Valley, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Kuala Lumpur and London is 15 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Department of Philosophy. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Philosophy in the Department of Philosophy. The Professor of Philosophy will also be Head of the Department of Philosophy. The salary attached to the appointment will be according to the scale £2,400 × 100 – £2,700 per annum. The initial notch will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Membership of the University Institutions' Provident Fund and University Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory. Intending applicants may obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for the Chair of Education (English medium). The professor should preferably be able to give formal lectures in the Philosophy and Administration of Education and in the method of certain Science subjects. In addition to administrative duties and demonstration lessons to students, he will be required to assist in the supervision of students' practice teaching in schools and to undertake and supervise advanced educational research in the Faculty. The salary scale is £2,300 × £100 – £2,700 per annum. Applications should state age, experience, qualifications and research work and should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and details about the Faculty of Education should be obtained) not later than 15 August 1960. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

QUALIFIED experienced Master for English, French and German, interested in new techniques of language teaching. Games, Crafts and PE an asset. Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave, NW3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. University College of Townsville. Applications are invited for the initial academic positions in the University College of Townsville which will begin teaching in the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Engineering on 27 February 1961. The range and depth of courses will be progressively increased until full degree courses, both undergraduate and post-graduate are available. First year classes in other Faculties may also be offered in 1961. There are vacancies for Lecturers in the following subjects: French; Education; History; English. Staff members will be regarded as an integral part of the appropriate teaching department in Brisbane and will share the privileges of study leave, travel grants, superannuation and other benefits enjoyed by the academic staff. The salary range will be £A1,685/£A2,185 with annual increments of £A50. The Lecturers will be required to take up duty as soon as possible after 1 January 1961. Applicants should possess a degree with honours in the appropriate field and preferably a higher degree and teaching experience at the tertiary level. Application forms can be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, and applications close in Australia and London on 15 August 1960.

MAKERERE College, The University College of East Africa. Applications are invited for two Resident Tutorships in Department of Extra-Mural Studies on contract for two or three years. Secondment welcomed. Appointees will work in first instance in Uganda, one in Northern Province and one in Western Province. Salary scale: £1,200 – £1,845 p.a. Entry point determined by qualifications and experience. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to four adult passages) on appointment and termination. Part-furnished quarters at low controlled rental. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming three referees by 15 August 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Science. The duties of the post will include participation in the teaching of students training to be child care officers. Candidates should be graduates with experience in local authority Children's Departments. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850 per annum plus membership of FSSU and Child Allowances. Initial salary within range £1,050-£1,200. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience and quoting reference no. CV/NS should be received not later than 22 July 1960, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BBC requires Programme Assistant (British) in Czechoslovak Section of Central European Service. Duties include assisting Czechoslovak Programme Organiser in day-to-day running of Section and planning of output in Czech and Slovak languages. Journalistic ability, sound knowledge of the British scene and interest in contemporary politics, economics and cultural developments particularly in Central Europe essential. Previous broadcasting or editorial experience and knowledge of Czech and/or Slovak language or ability to acquire reasonable fluency an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.336. N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires two Programme Assistants, British subjects (men only) in French Service for Africa. Duties include translation of news and scripts from English into French, preparation of programmes and reading fluently in French at microphone. Good broadcasting voice essential, writing experience highly desirable and broadcasting experience an advantage. Short-listed candidates will be required to take voice and translation tests. Appointment for three years. Fixed salary £1,085 per annum (possibly higher if qualifications outstanding). Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope & quoting reference 60.G.339. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LABOUR Party. There are two vacancies in the Library. 1. Senior Assistant to take charge of cataloguing and classification. Duties will also include some reference and bibliographical work and supervision of staff. Part A of L.A. Registration preferred. Salary £650-£700. 2. Assistant for work mainly in Press Cuttings. Library experience would be an advantage. Salary £265-£585 according to age. Superannuation scheme in both cases. Application forms available from General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq, SW1.

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, near Warrington, Lancs. Residential Special School for 48 maladjusted boys of secondary school age. Housemaster-Supervision Officer required. Resident post suitable for single man or married man without children. Recognised National Joint Council Salary Scale. For further details and forms apply to the Headmaster.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates who are Senior Psychiatric Social Workers, for the post of Lecturer in Psychiatric Social Work, in the Department of Psychiatry of the Faculty of Medicine. Duties to commence as soon as possible. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 27 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Child Psycho-Therapist (Non-medical) with recognised training required for five sessions a week in the Child Guidance Clinic at the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Vacant from 1 October 1960. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and previous experience, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by 30 July 1960. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Psychiatric Social Worker for Adult and Children's Department – staff of 2. Interesting duties in modern day hospital methods of treatment under NHS. Candidates (male or female) should possess the Mental Health Certificate. Whitley Council Salary Scale. Detailed applications, with names of two referees, to Medical Director immediately.

THE Invalid Children's Aid Association has vacancies for Caseworkers in Essex (based on Chelmsford) and in South London. Applications are invited from women holding a Social Science degree or diploma, preferably with some experience of casework. The posts offer opportunity for attendance at regular Case discussions and for individual casework supervision. Part-time or full-time appointments considered. Apply to General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

FAMILY Welfare Association needs part-time Family Caseworkers in London. Social Science Certificate or Sociology Degree plus professional casework training and/or good casework experience required. Further particulars apply to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

SERVING humanity. There are lots of ways of doing it. We need someone who is an expert shorthand-typist and would like to work with a leading Jewish welfare organisation for five days a week, getting a salary which will be in accordance with her qualifications, and which she will earn, lunching on our vouchers, and keeping to any holiday arrangements she has made. 'Phone EUSton 1979 or write Box 5960.

FEMALE Research Assistant required for one year for social work in a programme of human genetical research. Experience of survey work, interviewing and typing would be an asset. Salary £600 per annum. Further information obtainable from Secretary, Department of Biology as Applied to Medicine, Middlesex Hospital Medical School, W1. Closing date for applications: 22 July 1960.

NURSING staff, trained or untrained, required for the care of blind, sub-normal and sighted, sub-normal children at Reigate. Full details obtainable from Hospital Secretary, Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate.

HOUSEPARENT required, young adult Spastic Centre, full social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Fm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

VICTORIA Street. SW1. Consulting Engineer reqs expd sec.-typist. £10/12 p.w. Good organiser. Small office. Splendid prospects. Urgent. TAT 3383.

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, required for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 5366.

AREA Programme Secretary with initiative and enthusiasm, age 24/34, reqd September to work with Youth Club members, young adults, young wives etc. to arrange conferences, area events and youth training courses and to help generally in the programme and membership work in the London area. Please apply Director of Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St., W1.

WOMEN'S Co-operative Guild requires Field Organiser, having thorough knowledge of Guild and free to travel about country organising new Branches. Appointment experimental for 2 yrs in first instance, subject to 3 mths probation. Salary, commensurate with duties, to be negotiated. Applications, giving age, qualifications and names of two referees, to reach 348 Grav's Inn Road, WC1. by 29 July.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Jewish organisation publishing small monthly journal required. Work includes general secretarial/shorthand typing and editorial. Editorial experience an advantage but not essential. Salary according to qualifics. Box 5830 or MAL 2691.

GENERAL junior studio assistant wanted for designer's office 8 August. Lucienne Day, FLAxman 1455.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DIRECTOR of national charity needs non-clock-watching assistant with lively mind. Public relations or advertising experience useful but not essential. Write stating salary expected to Box 5977.

CONTINENT: Director International Research Organisation seeks top level Private Secretary: excellent shorthand, ability to take minutes. University education/languages an advantage. Interesting well-rewarded post, travel opportunities. Written applications: Box 6047.

EXPERIENCED Secretary-Bookkeeper, responsible and interesting post, for someone interested in Social Service. Apply with full particulars to the Acting Warden, Women's University Settlement, 44 Nelson Square, SE1.

CASHIER-Bookkeeper, fully qualified woman, required immediately by Women's Co-operative Guild to take complete charge of accounts. Salary USDAW Men's Scale. 3 weeks paid holiday. Good hours and conditions. Apply stating age and qualifications to 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

EFFICIENT secretary shorthand/typist for Director of Town and Country Planning Association. Age 25/35. Interesting work in congenial office of lively voluntary organisation. 5 day week. Salary £12 to start, possibly higher. Write briefly to Director, TCPA, 28 King St, WC2, or phone TEM. 5006.

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary (female, 20-25) required. Applicants must have good education, initiative and adaptability. Progressive, pensionable post, with wide range of interesting duties. Starting salary £450-£550 p.a., according to qualifications and experience. Three weeks' annual holiday. Applications to: Assistant Secretary, Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, London, W1.

INTELLIGENT, experienced shorthand-typist, over 30, required immediately. Hours 10-4. No Saturdays. Interesting & responsible work. Primavera (Contracts) Ltd. 149 Sloane St, SW1. SLOane 8140.

SECRETARY (female) for congenial office connected with the arts, versatility rather than speeds essential. Apply in writing stating age, experience, and salary required. Box 6063.

SEC. 21/32 for archaeological association Kensington area. £525/£600. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

FIRST-class secretary for Zionist Labour Women's organisation. Able to work own initiative. Organising ability advantageous. Good salary. All Jewish holidays. Apply PRImrose 9632 for appointment.

COLLET'S Record Shop has vacancy for Assistant and Junior. Experience an advantage but not essential. TU wage agreement. Holiday arrangements respected. Apply in writing to:—Secretary, 70 New Oxford Street, WC1.

PART-time S/T with good speeds for interior decorator nr Sloane Sq. 4/5 hours daily by arrangement. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

MEDICAL Secretary for Doctor, W1. £10. Doctor's receptionist, 16-18, £7. Dental Secretary £12. Many other temporary and permanent vacancies for Medical secretaries. M & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. CITy 7131.

DIRECTOR of travel agency, West End, requires competent secretary with first rate shorthand and typing, and enough initiative to work on her own to an increasing extent. Write fully to Box 5774.

CUBA seizes oil – You can seize a good job from Winifred Johnson (Staff Bureau) 114 Holborn, EC1. Next door to Gamages. HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED, personable 'Woman Friday' seeks admin. post to top executive needing mature, tactful person to cope appnts, letter draft., travel facils, liaison/public relns. Liking and proven ability dealing with people. No ties, mobile. Free 1 Sept. or 1 Oct. Box 6067.

NON-White South African Attorney, Notary Public and Conveyancer with 7 years' exp. in own practice, sks responsible position pref. with legal firm with a view to taking Eng. Solicitors' exams. Box 5881.

WOMAN, 40, wide background in literary, entertainment & design fields, GB & US, sks respons. work, Ldn. Box 5605.

DOCTOR, disabled, discouraged, seeks employment, not necessarily medical. Suggestions, offers, welcomed. Box 6054.

YOUNG graduate (Russian, German) sks temp. position August-mid-September, any kind of work considered. Box 6010.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

SUNSHINE CALLING!

There is still time to join one of our Good Value arrangements on the Adriatic coast or our House Party on the Italian Riviera, an original Island Holiday off the coast of Italy or Spain, or a Connoisseurs' Holiday in Portugal or Greece. Details: ERNA LOW, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

LONDON-Delhi. Fully air-conditioned luxury coach, equipped with kitchens, coffee and cocktail bars. Leaving London Sept. for Delhi. Fare: 60 gns. Mandator Land Lines, Suite 4, 97 Greencroft Gardens, London, NW6. MAIda Vale 3040.

EXPLORE French and English coasts aboard 12-berth Guest yacht. Optional tuition. 14-days from £27 inc. 'Sea Venture,' Wootton, I.o.W.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

THAXTED, Essex. 15th century Recorder's House. Centre charming unspoilt village, weekends & holidays.

SUSSEX Glyndebourne visitors & others welc. 18th-cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, bkfst. Tel. 1773.

BEXHILL for quiet relaxation. 'Willow Plate' is listed in AA Handbook, page 40. Homely welcome is assured.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests... Tel.: Rye 2207.

CORNWALL. Valley Park Guest House, Mevagissey. Phone 2347. B. & b. 1 gn, with late dinner 30s. AA. Adj. Harbour.

RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Some vacancies for summer. Ideal for conferences.

SUMMER Holidays. Now open: Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, Devon, adjoining famous Barricane Beach, and three miles golden sands. Ideal for family holidays. Prop.: Mr & Mrs A W Garness. Phone Woolacombe 44.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch, Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in Country House in lovely valley. 7-8 gns. Reduction for long stay. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093 evgs.

LOW-WOOD Guest House, Bethersden, Ashford, Kent, is now under new management. Guests of all ages are welcome. Permanent or short periods. Reas. charges. Excellent services. Brochure on applicn, write Mrs. Smith as above. Tel. Bethersden 222.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

COTSWOLDS. Tower Hse Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley. Georgian Hse own parkld, tennis court, lovely situation.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s posted. Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

SMALL Hotel, simple unspoiled village, Italian Adriatic. Superb situation. Reas. terms. Pensione Amedeo, Sirolo, Ancona.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo). Brittany. Kervonn Hotel. From 30s. Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

GOOD bed-sit.-rm vacant Streatham Hill, share kitchen, bath. Box 5891.

3RD girl wanted share flat. July-Aug. Own rm. £2 10s. p.w. LAD. 4311.

SINGLE rm till end Sept., 45s. incl.; enlightened house. Ring WIL. 3702.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—cont'd

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

LARGE single bed-sit.-rm, all facilities. £2 10s. p.w. WIL. 2398.

MODERNISED rm, Hampstead, for 1 mth. Water, gas, divan, 1 min. Belsize Pk tube. 3 gns. PRI. 9678, Sat.: SWI. 3500.

CIVILISED bachelor wanted to share very pleasant W11 flat with one other. PARk. 5390.

LARGE studio flat, self-contd, garden, to let for 1 month, from 23 July. £12 per week. Sleep 3 or 4. CUN. 0206.

COMF. furn. bed-sit.-rms, single & double. Good cooking facs, share bathroom. Quiet house, nice locality. LAD. 3031.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge rm for 2 in spac. ground-flr flat. £4 10s. PRI. 5654.

COMF. double bed-sit. room in priv. flat avail now. Use kit. & bathroom. Students or married couple. PAD. 8140.

FROM November: pleasant 2 roomed flat, Notting Hill Gate. Fridge, 'phone. Minimum one year. PARk 7095.

SW1. Flat, sleep 4; all cons, vacant 29 July-26 Aug. VIC. 4620 after 6 p.m.

BED-sitter, near Regent's Park; c.h.w., avail Aug. only. Phone AMB. 5206.

BED-sitter & breakfast £3 10s. p.w. Nr Belsize Pk. NS types preftd. SWI. 4809.

A DJ. Bloomsbury: comf. rm, £3 10s. incl. Use lounge, htg, bath, linen, cleaning, ckg facs. Suit quiet reliable tenant. Box 6037.

HORNSEY (N. London). Modernised 2 rooms, kit. use bathrm. Suit 2 gentlemen. 5 gns wkly. MOU 9976 Mon. on.

DELIGHTFUL cottage in best part of Hampstead Village, near Heath, from 6 Aug.-3 Sept. Sleep 4, all cons. Box 6043.

THE biggest problem is to find flats or rooms in Hampstead or surrounding districts. Why not pay us a call? We may have what you are looking for. All enquiries given our personal attention. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Single rooms. Write: Secy, 250 Camden Rd, Lond. NW1.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

MITCHAM. 2 bed-sit.-rms for professional people. Refs needed. Box 5578.

LGE bed-sit., own bathrm, quiet priv. house. Canonbury. £3 10s. CAN. 3831.

NEWLY dec. bed-sit., Highgate. All facs. Bus. man. TUD. 7904 after 5.30.

3 rms., kit., small gdn, use bath, furn. 4 gns, Dulwich. CEN. 4933 or Box 5245.

BOURNEMOUTH Coast. Exc. fully furn. 22 ft caravans, on exc. Parks. Bournemouth Caravan Co., Bournemouth.

ARTIST'S cottage to let. 8 gns. week. Arkesden, Essex. Apply Hedda Carrington, Sennen Cove, Cornwall.

KENT cott. to let 6 mths from 1 Oct. Slp 3. Mod. con. Secluded. Box 6079.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HIGH room with view required. Box 5247.

MARRIED doctors require flat Hampstead/Highgate. 2 rms, kit. & bath. Approx £6. Box 6029.

WANTED: Unfurnished self-contained ground-floor flat, back yard if possible. Bloomsbury district. Box 5860.

WANTED 1 Aug. S/c unfurn. flat. 2 rms, k. & b. Inner suburbs. Moderate rent. Young couple. Box 5823.

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THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 2 Plays by Eugene Ionesco. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sun. 4. Witty & naukhty! Mems

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. Joan Plowright in 'Roots'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Every Man in His Humour'

TOWER. 12 July for two weeks only. 7.30, Sun. 7.0. Lloyd Reckord presents two new West Indian plays: 'Sea at Dauphin', 'Six in the Rain'. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Dangerous Corner' by J. B. Priestley. 22, 23 July at 2.30 p.m. & 7.30 p.m.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Chekhov's 'The Seagull'. 'For discerning theatregoers', Reynolds News. Fri. St. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

36th Haslemere Festival. 16-23 July. Dir.: Carl Dolmetsch. Early Chamber Music. Brochure from Haslemere Hall. Tel: 2161.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until 17 July: Renoir's 'La Grande Illusion' (A). From 18 July: Ellie Lambetti in Cacoyannis' 'A Matter of Dignity' (A).

BEAT. Square and Cool, at the National Film Theatre, South Bank, Waterloo. For membership details ring WAT. 3232/3.

GARDEN Party. Writers, actors, doctors, language teachers: meet visiting Soviet opposites, Sat. 23 July, 4.30 p.m. at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8 (back of Barkers). 2s 6d at door; refreshments included.

HAMPSTEAD BCFA Garden Event. Ida Pruitt spks on 'Concepts of Sin and Guilt in East & West' Chinese Supper & music. 50 Howitt Rd, NW3. Sat. 16 July, 7.30.

UNITY Theatre Dance and Cabaret, Sat. 16 July, 11 p.m. Featuring Miles Malleson, Dorita and Pepe, Allen McClelland, etc. Licensed, ext. applied for. Admn 2s 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART – Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

GANYMED'S new Picasso, 'Nature Morte aux Poissons', original now at the Tate, reproductions (£3 6s. plus 7s. 10d.) at all good printsellers.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nicolas Schöffer: Spatiodynamic, Cybernetic, Luminodynamic Sculpture. Until 30 July. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September. Weekdays 10-8; Suns. 2-8. Admn. 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily).

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty. Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s 6d.

TOOTHS: Opening 18 July, 'Delacroix to Picasso'. Pictures by Delacroix, Courbet, Boudin, Pissarro, Valtat, Picasso, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St, W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Campbell: constructions, Fawcett & Brunschwig: paintings. Till 19 July, 10-6.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ceri Richards: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and relief constructions 1930-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Until 23 July. Vernon Tong, Swaminathan Chowla, Spottiswood – Paintings. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Picasso: Gravures sur Linoléum 1958-60. Until 2 September. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Philip Sutton, Recent Pntgs; Margaret Kaye, Fabric Collages and Drawings. Wkdays 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St, W1. Thirty Drawings by Gustav Klimt (Vienna 1862-1918). First exhibition in London.

MOLTON Gallery, Bores – Gouaches and Drawings. Until 6 August. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Albert Tucker. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1 2 Cork St, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings & Drawings by Bruno Manini. Dly inc. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions &c. Mon., Tu., Thurs., Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members Please Note: The Annual General Meeting on Monday 18 July will be at 6.30 p.m. and Not 8 p.m. as previously advertised.

ART. Picasso: Myths, Obessions, and Persistent Themes. (Illustrated) Roland Penrose. Thursday 21 July at 6.15 p.m. At the Lecture Hall of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street (Gower St), WC1. Tickets must be bought in advance from the ICA Gallery, 17/18 Dover St, W1. Admission 5s. ICA Members 3s.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Discussion: Peace and War. Crown P.H., Blackheath Village, 8 p.m., Fri. 22 July.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Andrew Campbell on 'Has the Labour Party a Future?' 7.30 p.m., Wed. 20 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 17 July. C. Bradlaugh Bonner: 'Commonsense and Crisis Today'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

'INDIVIDUALITY and Personality'. Public lecture, 17 July, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

COFFEE and Social Evening – Members only. New Jewish Society, Wed. 20 July at 8 p.m. 83 Chiltern Street, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 17 July, 6.30, Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'Human Immaturity': A. A. Burall.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 20 July, 6.30. 'Karma and Rebirth' – a Symposium. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' Information TAT 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

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LEATHERHEAD Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. 7-day courses in Dramatic Art, July and August. One Evening Course. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Pk, Middlesex.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 3-17 Aug. 'Holiday Painting & Sketching'; 17-24 Aug. 'Drama & Living Research' & 'International Human Relations Seminar'.

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Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 2½d. Canada 1d.